

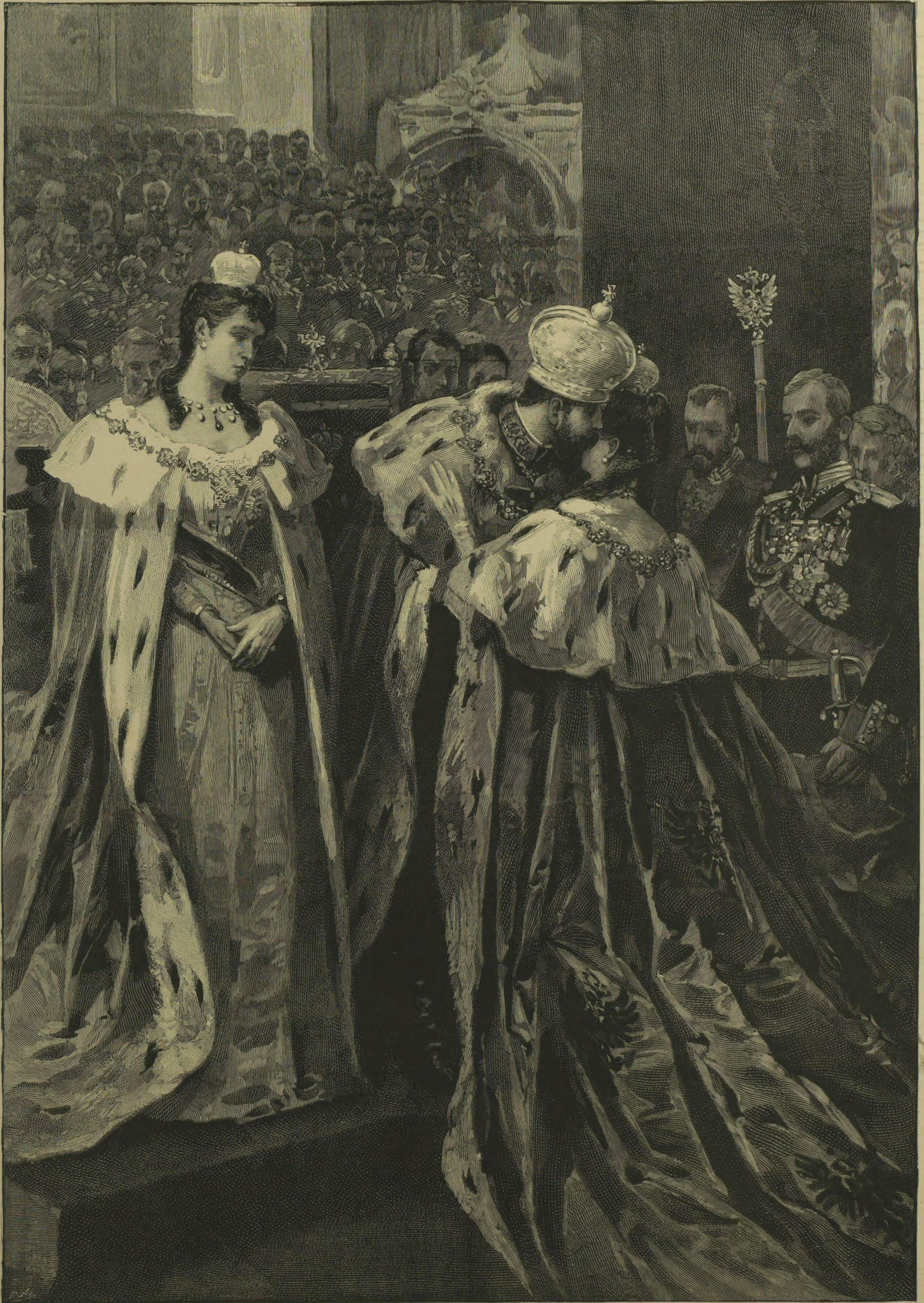
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2981.—VOL. CVIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896.

WITH SIXPENCE.
SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6d.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.—CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THE CROWNING CEREMONY: THE CZAR KISSING HIS MOTHER, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

Drawn by our Special Artist in Moscow.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is stated that the number of persons who passed the night on the Great Wheel on a recent occasion was seventy-two, but this probably falls very far short of the number who actually made it the excuse for their absence from home. Earthquakes, I am told, are very useful incidents to those who wish to lead a new life, or, at all events, to leave the old one free from all encumbrances. They let it be imagined that they have been swallowed up by the earth when they have merely betaken themselves to some spot on its surface far removed from their wives and children. But in temperate climates they are of too slight a nature for permanent disappearances. In England they are chiefly used by letter-writers to the newspapers as certificates of character: "We had, as usual, retired to rest at an early hour when I was suddenly awakened by the observation from my wife that an earthquake was taking place, and that it must be the end of the world." These are mostly written by undomestic husbands who are given to come home with the milk in the morning. Shipwrecks afford admirable opportunities for freedom from the domestic tie, and also the giving way of the ice on crowded waters; but, to the credit of human nature, these incidents are not often taken advantage of for such a purpose. What is more common and less reprehensible is the making use of conflagrations to account for great delay in returning home. "The scene was so magnificent, my dear, that I could not tear myself away from it"; or, "The block of vehicles was so excessive that my cab was delayed for hours, and I knew that you would not wish me to venture into such a throng on foot." But the stoppage of the Great Wheel to those who had lingered too long that night over the wine-cup, or at the whist-table, must have seemed like a special providence. It must have been, indeed, a little too much of a good thing, since they could not return home till the Wheel was mended, which was long after the best-sustained revel comes to an end. Curiously enough, Parliament selected its all-night sitting for the same date, and no doubt some honourable members did not let that chance of absenting themselves from domestic control go by; but the wife of a member of the House is used to his late hours, and can only hope that he is there without being sure of it. She is denied the satisfaction of the widow who, when consoled with on her loneliness, replied that it *was* lonely, but, on the other hand, it was a comfort to know, at last, where her gudeman was o' nights.

The insurrection in Cuba is really growing serious. As to the dispute between the rebels and the home authorities I know nothing, nor do I share the indignation of the United States; but the Spanish Government, it is said, has prohibited Havana cigars from being exported anywhere except to Spain. The result of this will be that we shall either have to pay far higher for our cigars or get Spanish ones instead of Havanas. This is really abominable, because it affects a highly cultivated class of persons, who do not concern themselves with politics, and only ask to be left alone with their little comforts. Everyone knows—though kings and statesmen, and sometimes even simple citizens, act as if they knew it not—what unspeakable evils, not only on those who take part in it, but on the innocent, war brings in its train; but the inconveniences it causes to remote outsiders are never dwelt upon as they deserve. I remember, for example, a French cook who very much put out his English mistress by going to help his countrymen when the Franco-German War broke out; and, indeed, as a frequent guest of hers, I felt it myself.

Apropos of the observation in last week's "Note Book" of the expediency of telling invited guests whom they are to meet at dinner, I am reminded that John Evelyn's was a case in point. A more respectable person, though he moved in the "best circles" at a time when there was very little respectability to be found in them, has rarely existed. Dining on one occasion at the Lord Treasurer's with M. de Gramont and other noblemen, he finds himself cheek by jowl with Colonel Blood, who had tried to steal the crown and to kill the keeper. This was really too much. To have asked him to meet Bradshaw after his condemnation of King Charles would hardly have seemed a greater insult. "How," he says, "he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, I could never come to understand." Nor, indeed, could anybody else. It still remains one of the many historical secrets: "the only treason of this sort that ever was pardoned." Evelyn describes him as having "not only a daring, but a villainous, unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating," which reminds one of the pickpocket with whom Byron made acquaintance, and whom he affirmed to be the most agreeable man he had ever met in his life; but Byron did not mind little divergences from morality, and Evelyn did.

It is remarkable, considering the immense variety of religions amongst us, that the old doctrine of metempsychosis should have so few disciples; it is not only a much more reasonable, not to say humane, form of future punishment than that in favour with many theologians, but there really seems some ground for belief in it when we consider the animal world. How often do we see a dog, for example,

who in appearance and some degree of character reminds us of a deceased acquaintance! Indeed, canine society presents whole types of us. Years ago a series of articles which, I venture to think, does not deserve the oblivion which has overtaken them, was projected upon certain visits to the Zoological Gardens in connection with this subject. The supposed narrator is a lad who lives in one of the adjacent terraces, the inhabitants of which "all night long enjoy the advantage, so rare in temperate climes, of hearing the hyæna's sarcastic laugh, or the laboured but successful breathing of the grampus; while in the day, and especially in the summer hours, the air is made fragrant by Musk and Civet, or by the still more pungent odour of the *putorius fetidus* obtained direct from the Mart." Neighbourhood, however, does not bestow the right of free admission, and this little boy has not the money about him requisite for entrance into the Gardens, but has to content himself with listening outside "to the trumpeting of the elephant, the drumming of the gorilla on his (empty) stomach, the cheerful tootling of the horn of the rhinoceros, and the piano of the guinea pig." Thus engaged, and disconsolate as the Peri debarred from Paradise, boylike he occupies himself in sucking the bars of the clip-gate, from which, perhaps, to his excited fancy, some slight flavour of wild beast was capable of being extracted, when he becomes conscious of a voice that murmurs in his ear—

Push on, push on, why don't you push?
The boy that funks ain't worth a rush.

Obedying the mandate, the gate gives way; but he only finds himself a prisoner in the first department, and wishes himself back again, till the voice resumes—

Push on, push on, repentant brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

Then the bars seem to melt before him, and he finds himself in the Gardens; and not only that, but instead of the usual notice to visitors, he sees written up in letters of gold—

Who moves yon gate the wrong way round
A voice shall hear in each brute sound;
To him the talk of bird and beast
Shall be an intellectual feast.
Not Æsop's self nor poet Gay
Has heard what he shall hear them say.

In short, the gift of speech with the whole animal world has been bestowed upon him. For further information he is referred to the Secretary Bird, but in the meantime he has many interviews, in all of which, it appears, the animals have in a previous state of existence belonged to the human family.

The beaver, it turns out, has been a speculating (or peculating) builder, now condemned to aimless toil in the mud and muck ("instead of holding up his head with the giraffe and the best of them") because he scamped his work and neglected the drains. The gazelle, who speaks in a mincing voice and pensively paws the grass, "as a girl at the seaside scrawls on the sands with her parasol," was once a designing flirt. The elephant, when he had put his foot down as a man had been immovable: whatever he asserted had been established; it ceased to exist when he shook his head. He had been in his time the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The hyæna is difficult to engage in conversation, and refers her interviewer to the works on natural history. "Destined for a life of rapine," they say, "of savage temper, though by no means destitute of intelligence, their tongue is rough, their habits nocturnal; they disinter the dead from the new-made graves. Why, of course I was a critic!" Though these are mere humorous presentments, the offspring of fancy, there is a great likeness to humanity about them such as we note every day in more familiar examples of the brute creation. At all events, compared with some theories of future punishment of much more general acceptance, the doctrine of metempsychosis appears from more than one point of view not only less unjust, but less unlikely. Since writing the above, I happened to look into "Spence's Anecdotes," where I find Pope and Locke agreeing that "a metempsychosis is a very rational scheme, and would give the best solution of some phenomena in the moral world."

There is a story, evidently of Trans-Atlantic origin, of a certain officer of a steam-ship who, in the absence of any clerical passenger, was asked, during a storm, to undertake the duties of chaplain. He was anxious to oblige, but felt that he was altogether unequal to ecclesiastical operations—to preaching or even reading. "I can, however," he said, "make a collection." This, it seems, is what everybody can do, and almost everybody does in these days. The two latest fads, I read, are collections of tram-cards and certificates of vaccination. This is even a lower deep than the forming a library of old "Bradshaws." What possible interest can there be in gathering together such rubbish? One can imagine a certain attraction in the rag-and-bone business, because something may turn up in it that is really worth finding, but no amount of mere rags and bones would ever give me any pleasure. Blue china and first editions have many admirers, but Mr. Jogglebury Crowdy's penchant for walking-sticks of his own cutting seems to me a more natural taste. Whether their carved heads were like the celebrated characters for whom they were intended or not, each must have had its local association, and afforded him wholesome exercise in

its acquisition. I see an unfortunate Parisian has been lately murdered for his collection of postage stamps: a very inadequate cause, one would think, for a capital crime. His slayer, however, was in the same line of business, and no collector can resist the opportunity of adding to his store.

When an author who has hitherto confined himself to domestic tales "goes in for blood" his readers are naturally a little astonished: they had expected, as usual, pastoral simplicity, and they are regaled with melodrama; it is as though a pet lamb of theirs had suddenly taken not only to butting but biting. We feel something of this amazement when we find a heroine of Miss Mary Wilkins putting a knife into a young gentleman in the first three chapters of her new novel. Madelon is as innocent, simple, and delightful a girl as any she has painted for us, but she cannot stand being slighted by the man she loves and seeing another preferred before her. Burr Gordon and Lot Gordon, his cousin, are both her suitors, but the former has apparently deserted her for Dorothy Fair, the minister's daughter. She has not given up hopes of him, and thinks at the village ball, where Dorothy is not to be present, to come to her own again; but Dorothy is present, and Burr devotes himself to her. Madelon, wild with jealousy, goes home alone, declining her young brother Richard's company, who, however, persuades her to take his hunting-knife, as the way is dark and lonesome. She does so, and at a deserted part of the road Burr (as she thinks) overtakes and kisses her—

She drew the knife from under her cloak, and struck. "Kiss me again, Burr Gordon, if you dare!" she cried out, and her cry was met by a groan as he fell away from her into the snow.

It is not Burr but Lot Gordon whom she has stabbed. Burr comes up at once, and, seeing what has happened, exchanges his knife for hers and takes her crime upon his shoulders. This is the incident on which the action of the whole story turns from first to last; yet, through the skill of the writer, it never becomes tedious, and gives opportunities for that display of character and feeling among simple folks for the description of which Miss Wilkins has no rival save Mrs. Gaskell. Burr Gordon is thrown into jail upon the charge of attempting to murder, and nobody will believe Madelon's solemn and repeated assertion that she is the guilty party. Richard Hautville, her brother, denies that he gave her his knife. Burr, resolute to save her even at the cost of his life, will not listen to her appeal to him, and Lot remains obstinately silent—

"You didn't kill me, if I die," he whispers, "since you took me for Burr."

Everyone thinks that she accuses herself in order to save her lover's life. She goes to Dorothy, who is very much "upset" by what has happened, and tells her all; but, though she is engaged to Burr, she declines to believe her: "It was Burr's knife that was found." If this girl really loved him, thinks Madelon, what should mere evidence matter—

"Dorothy Fair," said she, "did that man who's locked up over there in jail in New Salem for a crime he's innocent of, ever kiss you?" Madelon's face seemed to wax stiff and white. She looked like one who bared her breast for a mortal hurt as she spoke. Dorothy went pink to the roots of her yellow hair and the frill on her nightgown. She made an angry shamed motion of her head which might have meant anything.

"And you can believe this thing of him after that," said Madelon, with a look of despairing scorn. "He has kissed you, Dorothy Fair, and you think he has committed murder!"

Dorothy gasped. "They said—" she began again.

"They said"! Are you a woman, Dorothy Fair?"

In the jail at New Salem Madelon is equally unsuccessful with Burr. He would not tell them if it would be of any use, he said, but he might tell them till he grew grey and they would not believe him—

"I have killed you then," said she. Suddenly she put up her white lips to Burr. "Kiss me," she cried out. "I beg you to give me the kiss that I might have killed you for last night."

"Madelon," Burr said huskily, "I have been double-faced and false to you, but, as God is my witness, I am glad I have got the chance to suffer in your stead."

"You shall not. They shall believe I did it. I will make Lot Gordon tell. He shall tell before he dies."

Then she goes away, dedicated, while time is still left to her, to the task of clearing him. But Richard has left home to prevent being called as a witness at the trial, and she is almost hopeless. What she goes through and how at last things are righted we may well leave Miss Wilkins to tell. It is a most interesting story. Much of it will be novel, but not the less attractive to English readers on that account. What will strike them most, perhaps, notwithstanding the homicidal incident that sets the tongues of all these village folks agoing, is their intense respectability: a conventionalism not of the Mrs. Grundy, but of the Quaker type pervades them; they seem all removed by scores of generations and millions of miles from Mr. Bret Harte's people. Their extraordinary simplicity extends to their food. The Scotch will eat porridge under any circumstances, and the inhabitants of Ware Centre have the same amazing relish for it. After a ten-mile walk on the coldest of winter nights, when beef-steak and onions would have been permissible, one would have thought, to the most delicate of heroines, Madelon's hostess can think of nothing better to offer her than porridge "sprinkled with nutmegs and fat plums." Heavens!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

The solemn ceremonial of the Czar's coronation was recorded in our last issue, but the many State festivities and public rejoicings which occupied the ensuing days remain yet to be chronicled. After the coronation had been accomplished on May 26 with all its splendour of attendant pomp, night was turned into day in the ancient capital of Russia by the brilliant illuminations which prevailed throughout the city. During the next three days the Emperor and Empress were largely occupied in receiving congratulatory deputations representing all classes of their subjects. The representatives of foreign Powers were also received at the Kremlin, among them the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

On the evening of the day after the coronation a Court ball was given at the Granovitaiia Palace. At ten o'clock the Emperor and Empress entered the Throne Room of the Palace accompanied by all the royal personages present in Moscow for the festival, and until midnight the stately hall presented a brilliant appearance, being thronged by the beauty and chivalry not of Russia alone, but of all the foreign countries represented at the Russian Court during the series of State ceremonies.

The next day a Drawing-Room was held at which the Emperor and Empress received the wives of the foreign Ambassadors and of the other members of the staffs of the various Embassies, and in the evening there was a State performance at the Grand Theatre, the programme consisting of two acts of Glinka's opera "Life for the Czar," followed by a Japanese ballet.

So far all had prospered with the week's rejoicings, and not a cloud had dalled their brilliancy; but the next day,

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

On May 29 the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were at the time the guests of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield House, paid a visit to the Agricultural Show of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society at St. Albans. Their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Carl of Denmark, and other members of a distinguished house party, entertained in their honour by the Prime Minister and the Marchioness of Salisbury. A somewhat alarming accident for a moment threatened the fortunes of the day. The Marquis of Salisbury was about to leave Hatfield House, with the Earl of Clarendon and the Rev. Lord William Cecil, in advance of the royal visitors, in order to receive them at the Show, when one of the horses of his carriage suddenly swerved and got entangled in an iron fence. Fortunately the occupants of the carriage escaped with nothing worse than a shaking, and Lord Salisbury was able to resume his journey in another carriage. The royal visitors were escorted to St. Albans by two troops of the Herts Yeomanry. The streets of the picturesque town were thronged by thousands of eager spectators, who gave their royal guests a most enthusiastic welcome. At the Town Hall an address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation, and the Prince of Wales replied in a graceful speech, in which he congratulated the town on being the birthplace of two men of such eminence as Lord Bacon and Nicholas Brakespear, afterwards Pope Adrian IV. The royal party then proceeded to the Show, where a parade of the prize-winners among the horses and cattle was made for their benefit.

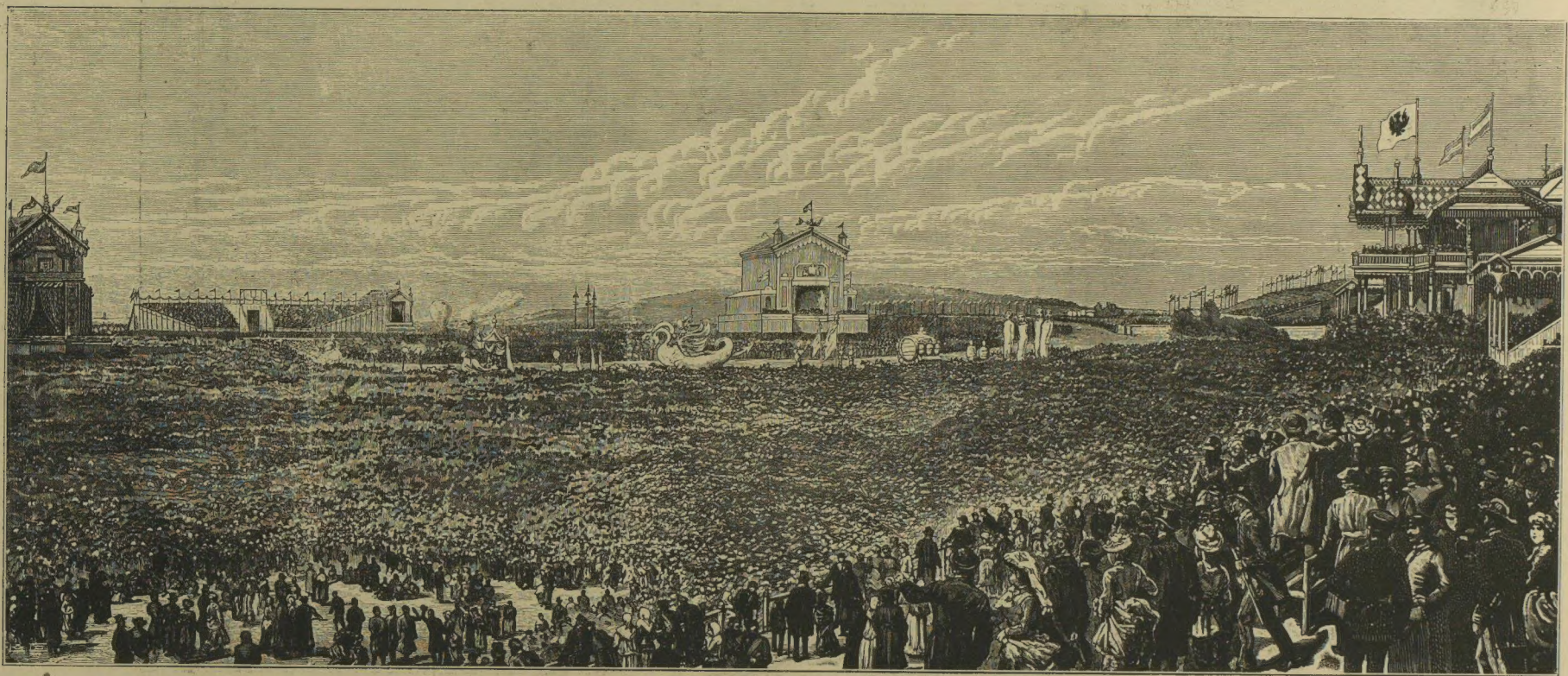
The Show has proved the largest and most successful yet held by the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society. It was held for the first time in Hertfordshire, and the extension of its sphere was fully justified by the

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The work of organisation, which has been actively carried on for some time past at Wady Halfa, has reached so advanced a stage that the headquarters of the Expeditionary Force have now been moved southward to Akasheh. The new head station forms a very strong military position as it is now occupied. A number of cavalry patrols, admirably organised, have the stronghold under their constant protection, and the site is, furthermore, planned out in three divisions, for the defence of each of which a distinct commanding officer is appointed. A review of the troops already assembled at the new headquarters was held last week by Major Macdonald, before the arrival of the Sirdar from Wady Halfa, and a counterfeit attack upon Akasheh was both made and repulsed with a spirit and smartness of action which spoke well for the condition of the men of the four Soudanese battalions and the English Maxim battery who took part in the manoeuvres. The railway has advanced apace as far as Ambigol Wells, but beyond that point the line which it takes is said to be in a very rough condition, the old way being so broken that entire reconstruction of the former embankment will be necessary over several stretches of some distance.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The seventeenth annual display known as the Royal Military Tournament was opened by the Prince of Wales on May 28 at the Agricultural Hall amid an enthusiasm which promised well for the success of the fortnight's performances. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Carl of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of York; other members of the royal family who were present being the Duke of Cambridge (until this year more officially connected with the Tournament), the Duke and



SCENE OF THE DISASTER AT MOSCOW: POPULAR FÊTE ON THE KHODINSKY PLAIN ON THE OCCASION OF THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III., JUNE 1883.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News," June 16, 1883.

May 30, brought a terrible disaster which plunged Moscow into gloom. A great popular fête had been arranged to take place on the Khodinsky Plain, a large park outside the city. Thousands of people had been encamped upon this open ground throughout the night, and daybreak brought great numbers of fresh arrivals, until, by six o'clock in the morning, some 500,000 persons were assembled. Gifts of "Coronation" mugs, cake, and sweetmeats were to be distributed to the populace from a number of booths, round which no sufficient barriers had been erected to facilitate orderly approach and departure. Soon after 6 a.m. the crush around the booths became so severe that the officials began to dispense the gifts. The result was appalling. The surging mass of human beings swayed forward, those behind scarcely realising what was happening, and with such terrible momentum did the great concourse advance that no power could stop its progress. Hundreds of victims were trampled underfoot by their fellows in the gangways around the booths, and many of the officials perished. Order was at length restored by the arrival of a military force, but not until more than three thousand persons had perished, and many hundreds besides had been fatally or seriously injured. The Emperor and Empress were terribly distressed by the news of the awful catastrophe, but subsequently took their places in the imperial pavilion, and the fête proceeded to its end, for the sake of the survivors and in the interests of public order, even while the work of removing the injured and the dead was still going on. On the following day the Emperor and Empress attended a Requiem Mass for the victims of the tragedy in the private chapel of the Granovitaiia Palace, and afterwards visited the Workmen's hospital where many of the wounded were lying. Their Imperial Majesties went through all the wards, inquiring after every patient. The Czar has announced that he will make a gift of a thousand roubles to every bereaved family. The scenes in the Vaganovsky cemetery at the interment of those who perished in this horrible manner have been heartrending, and widespread mourning now prevails, in tragic contrast to the late rejoicings.

increase in the number of exhibits in the various departments. Next year the Show is to be held at Southampton, and the year after at Cardiff.

THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

Accounts have been received of a good deal of sharp fighting around Buluwayo within the last fortnight, and further details of the earlier skirmishing have arrived since our last issue. On May 19 Mr. Rhodes and Colonel Napier joined forces on the Pongo River, some fifteen miles west of the Shangani. Colonel Napier's column of five hundred was thus united with the Salisbury column, which had marched out under Mr. Rhodes, Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Colonel Beal, and a joint laager was made on the Pongo. The united column afterwards divided into two sections, taking two routes by the western and eastern sides of the Thabas Inseza range of mountains. Colonel Napier and Mr. Rhodes, with their force, came in for some sharp skirmishing with the Matabili, whom they succeeded in driving back southward, burning several kraals. Before the force left Pongo Mr. Rhodes made a speech of thanks to the men who had marched out from Buluwayo to join the Salisbury column. He stated that the Chartered Company intended to make compensation for losses incurred by settlers, feeling confident that security would soon be re-established by a decisive battle.

On May 21 Pittendrigh's troop drove the Matabili back southward from Government House, and Mr. Colenbrander's scouts also had the best of a skirmish on the north-east of Buluwayo. Colonel Plumer's force came into contact with a Matabili impi on May 26 near the Umguza River, and succeeded in routing the enemy from a very strong position. Meantime the joint forces of Colonel Beal and Colonel Napier have been advancing towards Buluwayo, and although facilities for communication are much disorganised by the troubled state of the intervening country, and news is therefore fitful, it is hardly likely that any strong resistance can have been made by the rebels.

Duchess of Teck, and Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The royal visitors were received by Lord Methuen, commanding the Home District, and other officers of the executive staff, and were saluted by a guard of honour of the 1st Scots Guards, drawn up in front of the royal box. The performance then proceeded according to its programme, which proved to be one of the most interesting and attractive yet presented at the Tournament. The management has introduced several new features into the display, the most notable being the introduction of representatives of the Royal Navy, a branch of the service which has not hitherto found a place in the Tournament. A detachment of men from H.M.S. *Excellent* go through their gun-drill with wonderful speed and dexterity. To see them dismount and remount their field-pieces is to be filled with admiration, and their cutlass drill is no less interesting in its accuracy. A musical drive by the Royal Horse Artillery affords a gallant spectacle, with its many figures and formations, now at a trot, now at a gallop, and nothing could be more brilliant than the musical ride, which has been undertaken during the first week by the Scots Greys, and is to be performed during the second week by the 2nd Life Guards.

The central attraction of each day's programme is, however, a magnificent pageant known as "Sons of the Empire," in which detachments from every branch of her Majesty's forces, regular and auxiliary, throughout the Empire, play their part, forming collectively a brilliant illustration of the military strength of Great Britain. A guard of honour to this great pageant is afforded by a detachment of bluejackets under the Union Jack, whose entry is shown in our illustration. The spectacle concludes with an exciting attack on an Afghan fort.

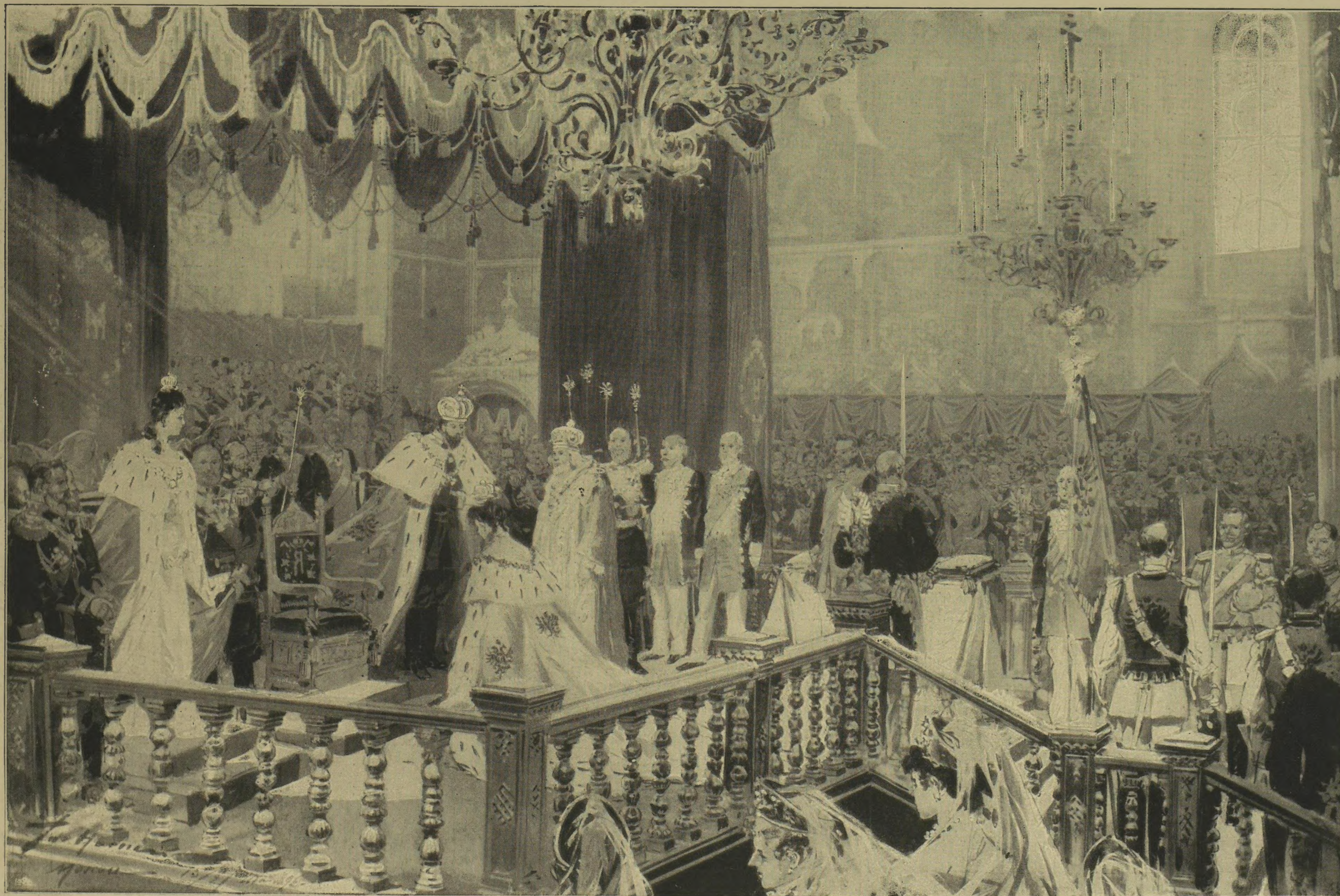
Altogether the display is a fine one, and should go far towards the fulfilment of the Tournament's objects—namely, the perfecting of physical development and military exercises in the Army, the increase of public zeal for things military, and the pecuniary profit of sundry Army charities.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

Drawn by our Special Artist in Moscow.

When the Coronation ceremony was ended, the Emperor and Empress passed in State procession under a great baldachin to the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where they paid their devotions at the tombs of the Czar's ancestors. Their Imperial Majesties then visited the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where they kissed the Cross and were sprinkled with Holy Water. After a brief service they left the Cathedral and passed to the Red Staircase. Here the procession halted while the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg withdrew, after making the sign of the Cross, and the Emperor and Empress then entered the Palace.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: THE EMPEROR CROWNING THE EMPRESS.

Drawn by our Special Artist in Moscow.

When the Emperor had duly received his crown and the sceptre and orb of empire, he summoned the Empress to him. Her Majesty approached and knelt on a cushion before the throne. The Emperor took off his crown and, after touching her head with it, resumed it himself. He then placed upon her head a smaller crown, which was adjusted by four Ladies-in-Waiting. The Empress was thereupon invested with the Collar of St. Andrew and the imperial robe, and the Emperor embraced her and raised her to her throne upon the dais.

PERSONAL.

Cardinal Vaughan is "At Home" one afternoon a week during June to his friends and acquaintances, inside or outside his own flock, and of whatever sex. That is the innovation, and a very popular one, at Archbishop's House. Cardinal Manning never held receptions except to "men only." The crowd which filled the Cardinal's rooms last Monday afternoon proved the success of the new venture; and the ladies, so far from appearing in black veils and gloves, with other accessories to match, in austere Roman fashion, wore their gayest things, and outshone even the resplendent red of the Cardinal's own robes.

Mr. Gladstone has fluttered the doves of Non-conformity by a letter which is really an appeal to the Pope to recognise the orders of the Church of England. By this means Mr. Gladstone thinks that without any assimilation of doctrine the Roman and Anglican churches might stand together against unbelief. It is not very probable that the Pope will abandon the traditional view of the Vatican, that all clergy outside the Roman Catholic pale are unauthorised; but if he did, what would be the position of the Nonconformists? They, too, are fighting against unbelief; but the Vatican can scarcely include them in the numbering of the faithful. On the whole there is small chance that Mr. Gladstone's letter will have any practical result.

Who invents the electioneering leaflets which candidates have to disown? Somebody on Mr. Barlow's side in the Frome election issued a statement which Mr. Chamberlain said could be made only by a knave, and believed only by an idiot. It was certainly an unusually gross absurdity even for a party fight. Mr. Barlow promptly disclaimed all knowledge of it, and the genius who gave it birth remains in modest obscurity. It would be a great advantage to have a joint committee of both parties in an election to decide what manifestoes might be issued without scandal in the interests of either.

Mr. Ritchie has had a bicycle accident. He appeared in the House on the reassembling of Parliament walking with two sticks. Sir Matthew White Ridley had a more entertaining adventure, for he was stopped in a four-wheeled cab on his way to the Levée and compelled to alight by a policeman, in compliance with an order signed by himself. The Home Secretary wanted to drive up to the main entrance of St. James's Palace in a cab, the very thing he had prohibited. The intelligent foreigner will note this as an illustration of the stern integrity of our police force.

Mr. Barnato is the hero of the hour at Johannesburg. His persuasive eloquence is supposed to have softened the heart of President Kruger, and brought about the release of most of the Rand prisoners.

After a protracted illness, Sir J. Russell Reynolds, the well-known and much-revered physician, passed away on

May 29, leaving in the rank of prominent medical men a vacant place which cannot easily be filled. Sir Russell's great culture, charm of personality, and quick sympathies won him innumerable friends and admirers, and stamped him, in many minds, as the ideal of what a great physician should be. Sir



Photo Lombardi.

THE LATE SIR J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, BART.

Russell was the son of a Hampshire clergyman and the grandson of Revell Reynolds, Physician-in-Ordinary to George III. His brother is the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, D.D., formerly Principal of Cheshunt College. Russell Reynolds was born in 1828, and twenty-two years later qualified for his M.B. from University College Hospital. After taking his M.D., two years later, he set up a practice of his own, and thenceforth commanded success.

When but thirty-three years of age he was made Professor of Medicine at the University of London, and the publication of his various works, including his "System of Medicine," to which other prominent medical men contributed, subsequently endowed him with a unique authority. From 1878 to the time of his death he was Physician to her Majesty's Household. The chief medical societies bestowed their highest honours upon him, and the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen gave him their degree of LL.D. In 1893 he was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, and was re-elected in the two following years. In the spring of the present year, however, he was compelled to decline re-election owing to the illness to which he has now succumbed. The honour of a baronetcy was conferred upon him last year.

Among the new members of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours are Miss Gertrude Hammond, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Gordon Browne.

Miss Frances Willard says the "X rays" will be useful to the temperance cause because they will disclose the dreadful condition of the drunkard's interior. Miss Willard is rather sanguine, for at present the rays disclose nothing except bones and solid objects which may have been swallowed. The drunkard's condition is sufficiently illustrated by coloured diagrams. The bicycle is also claimed by Miss Willard as a teetotal instrument. It is true that the cyclist cannot get drunk and keep his balance; but can it be that the moderate drinker, after a long ride, omits the gin from his ginger-beer?

M. de Falbe, who died on May 27 at Luton Hoo, his Bedfordshire residence, was for some years a distinguished

personality in English society; but his talents as a diplomatist can hardly be estimated, owing to the consistently friendly relations between the Courts of Denmark and of this country. Had they been called forth by emergency they would, doubtless, have proved not unworthy of a remarkable

man. M. de Falbe was the son of the late M. C. T. de Falbe, and was born in 1828. Sixteen years ago he was appointed Danish Minister-Plenipotentiary in London, and continued to hold this office until 1890. Some years ago he married the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, the owner of the manor of Luton Hoo. Madame de Falbe is now left a widow for the third time, having been formerly married, first to the Hon. H. Dudley Ward, and secondly to Mr. J. Gerard Leigh, of Luton Hoo and East Hyde, at one time High Sheriff for Bedfordshire.

On the evening of Wednesday, May 27, an exceedingly memorable performance of "Tannhäuser" was given at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. It is true that many very satisfactory and sufficiently adequate performances of this difficult opera have been heard in London, but it may safely be maintained that none so remarkable as this has ever before been witnessed in the Metropolis. To begin with, Signor Mancinelli, the conductor, had every note of the music admirably comprehended and admirably determined. His orchestra, which always behaves with a most laudable loyalty towards him, on this occasion surpassed itself. Its rendering of the overture was clean, inspired, and, towards the grand conclusion, eminently exciting. As to the general performance, nothing could reasonably have been better. The fault of London performances of "Tannhäuser" has lain, as a rule, in a certain flimsiness and absurdity in the mounting. The mounting on this occasion was little short of superb, the beautiful second act having been faithfully copied from the Bayreuth model. M. Alvarez was a magnificent Tannhäuser; he looked the part, he acted the part, and he sang the part as near to perfection as may be expected from mortal man. In the contest scene, when the Venusberg song breaks irresistibly into Tannhäuser's brain, he was even overwhelming. Madame Eames was a most excellent Elizabeth, and M. Plançon a stately Hermann. Signor Ancona, somewhat lacking in the finished graces of an actor, sang the part of Wolfram remarkably well. As has already been said, it was indeed a memorable performance.

On Friday, May 29, a new Santuzza in "Cavalleria" was introduced to the public in the person of Mdle. d'Alma. She is an actress who certainly conceives the part from a rightly dramatic point of view. She had gripped the part, had understood exactly its requisitions, and only stopped short of realising her intention by a certain lack of power. Let it be said that she is intelligent and capable, and that she has signs of promise for the future.

On Saturday, May 30, Covent Garden, having already established a record with its performance of "Tannhäuser," surpassed even that achievement in its interpretation of "Die Meistersinger." Here, if we allow for necessary cutting, and so far as the principals were concerned, was the ideal, the perfect rendering. It began somewhat slowly. Mancinelli, for all his splendid comprehension of the music, took the Vorspiel a little at a halting pace. As soon, however, as the thing had progressed into the heat of the action, all doubt was set at rest. It is the first time that M. Edouard de Reszke has taken the part of Hans Sachs in London, and there cannot be any reasonable hesitation in asserting that he is by far the best that London has ever seen and heard. Voice and action were alike grandly, powerfully affecting. M. Jean de Reszke is, of course, an exquisite Walther, and Madame Eames sang the music of Eva with a delicious tone and a fine vocal accomplishment. Mr. Bispham was a capital Beckmesser, and M. Bonnard and Madame Bauermeister were quite adequate as David and Maddalena. The orchestra, once more, played nobly.

The Brighton Railway Company have arranged to issue on each day of the Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Eastbourne (Tuesday, June 9, to Friday, June 12) by one of the morning trains from London, cheap return tickets available for return the same or following day, and on Thursday and Friday, June 11 and 12, a special cheap day excursion will be run from London and suburban stations to Eastbourne. Cheap day tickets will also be issued by certain ordinary trains from Portsmouth, Midhurst, Horsham, Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, East Grinstead, Lewes, Seaford, and some intermediate stations.

Mr. Labouchere will probably accept with grace his signal defeat on the greatest question that ever came before the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons. It was proposed to engage neat-handed Phyllises to dispense tea. Mr. Labouchere, in a reactionary spirit, said he preferred waiters. The Kitchen Committee have called in the damsels, and the innovation is greatly appreciated



Photo Thurston, Luton.

THE LATE M. DE FALBE.

on the Terrace at tea-time. This invasion of the House or its precincts by women may be a favourable omen for the women suffragists, but they have to lament the fact that their Bill has been withdrawn for the Session without discussion.

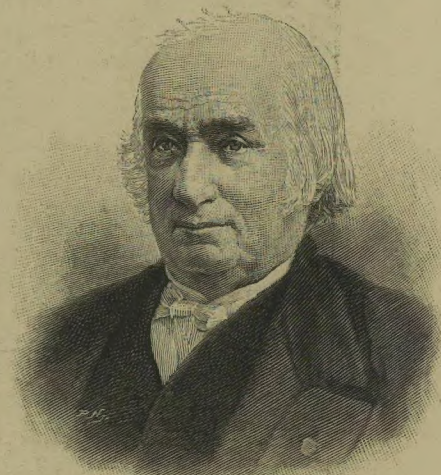
Herr Liebknecht, who has been visiting London, has a pleasant experience in store for him in the Fatherland. The Kaiser having applied an opprobrious epithet to the German Socialists, Herr Liebknecht retorted that it was an unseemly thing to say about two millions of the Kaiser's subjects. For this repartee he has come under the charge of *lèse-majesté*, and will have to serve a term of imprisonment. The same thing would doubtless befall Mr. Karl Blind, were he to return to Germany, for he has had the audacity to state in an English review that some of the Kaiser's royal predecessors considered duelling a crime fitly rewarded with the gallows.

Sir Martin Conway has started for Spitzbergen. Only two people have ever penetrated into the interior of the island, and Sir Martin Conway expects to eclipse their discoveries. He is specially anxious to study the flora on the hilltops above the glaciers. The expedition will spend nearly three months in Spitzbergen, and will return in September.

That excellent institution, the Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Battersea, which gives shelter and food to lost dogs, securing good homes for some and a merciful death for others, diseased or injured, has lately incurred great additional strain upon its resources, and is in urgent need of funds. During the first four months of the present year, owing to the muzzling order, no less than 22,000 lost and starving dogs have been sheltered and fed, each for a period of not less than five days. This excessive influx of dogs has necessitated the erection of new pens, the engagement of additional servants, and extra expenditure of every kind, including the reconstruction of the existing crematorium and the building of another one. A concert and miscellaneous entertainment has therefore been arranged to take place at the Kensington Town Hall on Friday afternoon, June 12, in aid of the institution. A most attractive programme includes the names of Miss Esther Palliser and other popular artists. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary of the Home.

The death is announced of Mr. William McLaughlin, Q.C., a well-known member of the North-Western Circuit, who in his time rendered notable service to the Liberal cause, but abandoned the party when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill. In early life Mr. McLaughlin spent some years as a journalist on the staff of the *Derry Journal*, and eventually became its editor.

The death of M. Constantin Héger has excited considerable comment in this country on account of his having been Charlotte Brontë's Brussels schoolmaster and the prototype of Paul Emanuel in "Villette." But M. Héger, who died in Brussels on May 6 at the age of eighty-seven, had numerous claims to consideration as Professor of Latin at the Royal Athénée at Brussels and the friend of three generations of pupils. After fighting in the war of 1830, which secured his country's independence of the Dutch, M. Héger turned his attention to teaching, and for fifty-two years he taught both in the Athénée and at his wife's Pensionnat in the Rue d'Isabelle. M. Héger was a man of high character and profound learning. He leaves behind him one son—Dr. Héger, of Brussels—and three daughters to mourn his loss. Our portrait is from a painting by M. Louis Jambero.



THE LATE M. CONSTANTIN HÉGER.

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons has reassembled after the Whitsuntide recess with such refreshment of soul and body that the proposal to adjourn over Derby Day was scouted by a majority of 141. Mr. Maclure abandoned his intention of moving the adjournment, and this heroic office was discharged by another member without a turn for humour. Sir Wilfrid Lawson protested solemnly against the "great gambling festival," and even Mr. Gibson Bowles failed to give the House the choice quips it expects on this occasion. There is much curiosity to know exactly how we stand in regard to the Soudan, and Mr. Curzon has been beset with questions about our obligations to Italy. The Italian Green-book contains a number of matters on which no direct information is given to the House of Commons. The Under-Secretary, indeed, assured the House that important communications from Lord Salisbury to the Italian Government had been made "by word of mouth," and therefore could not be laid on the table. There was to have been a debate on the movement of Indian troops to Egypt; but this was postponed in deference to the wish of the Indian Government that the question of expense should not be decided yet. After toying with light railways the House considered the Diseases of Animals Bill. An attempt to make the exclusion of foreign and colonial cattle a temporary measure which might be superseded by an Order in Council was defeated. When the Bill is passed it will need a fresh Act to admit live cattle at the ports.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral Castle; and on Saturday evening drove to Braemar, accompanied by Princess Christian and the Princess of Leiningen.

A Levée was held on Monday by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, at St. James's Palace.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at Marlborough House. On Saturday evening the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and the Duke and Duchess of York, were at the Opera. The Prince of Wales, who returned on Saturday from visiting Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, and also visited Mr. W. Astor at Cliveden, has attended Epsom Races this week.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has returned from the Imperial Coronation at Moscow to London.

The yachting season began on the Thames on Thursday with the matches of the Royal London Yacht Club, in which the German Emperor's sailing-yacht *Meteor* takes part, after visiting Cowes and Southampton and undergoing examination for a slight injury sustained in being towed out of Plymouth Harbour.

The dispute and strike in the London building trades, by which about 13,000 men were directly affected, was

connection with the Corpus Christi Fair, which is often the scene of a good deal of rough play.

The Government of the Transvaal South African Republic has finally announced its decision to release all the Johannesburg Uitlanders found guilty of the treasonable conspiracy, except the five or six leaders, from the sentence of imprisonment upon the payment by each of a fine of £2000, and the sentence of expulsion and exclusion from the territory of that State will also be remitted, upon the condition of their promising hereafter to obey the laws and to desist from plots and intrigues against that Government. President Kruger's act of clemency has occasioned much satisfaction in Johannesburg, and the return of the Reform prisoners was celebrated by many demonstrations of popular approval. A scheme is on foot among the influential men in the Rand to raise a fund, by subscription, for the adding of a wing to the People's Hospital, to be named after Madame Kruger as a mark of appreciation of the President's action.

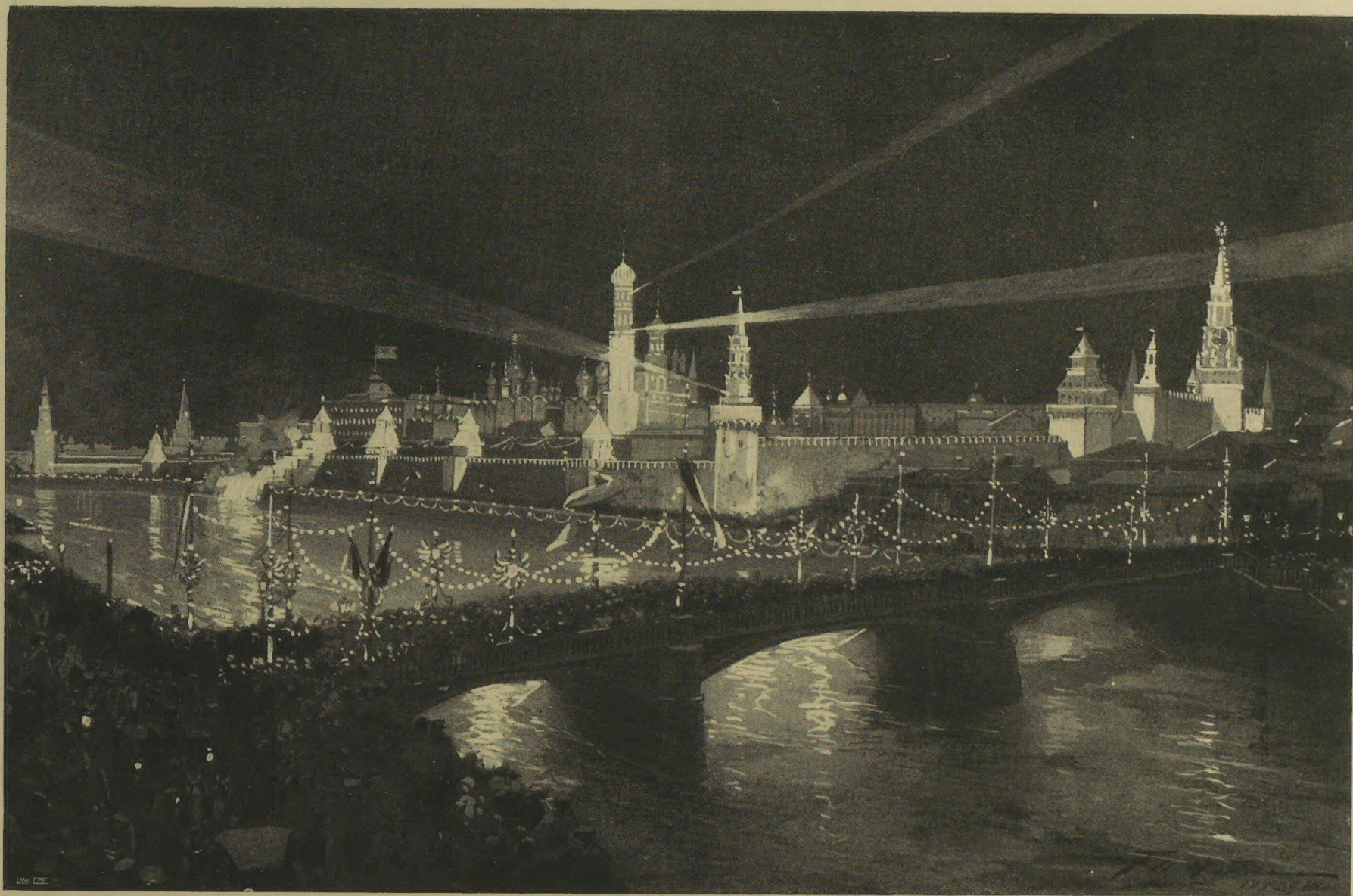
The rebellion of the Sultan's Greek subjects in the large island of Crete has not yet become so formidable as that which arose nearly thirty years ago. It has been confined, so far, to the Apokorona and part of the Retimo districts, with some disturbances around Kisamo, Selino,

bands of assailants. On the other hand, it is said, the Mussulman inhabitants of Russospitsi, Murnies, and Bukolies are beleaguered and threatened with as much bad treatment by Greek partisans or marauders. The Bishop of Canea and other clergy of the Greek Church are exerting all their influence to restore peace. British, Italian, and Austrian war-ships are on the coast for the protection of foreign residents.

At Cairo, in the great Mohammedan Theological College or University of El Azhar, on Sunday last, a serious riot of the students, caused by the arrival of a European medical inspector, sent for by the sanitary authorities to examine a case of cholera, has cost the loss of one killed, besides four wounded, by the police firing upon them. The cholera is abating both at Cairo and at Alexandria.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, the British Minister in Morocco, has returned to Tangier from his visit to the young Sultan of that empire, who has consented to allow the construction of desirable public works at Tangier: a new iron pier, a new town-gate and sewers; also presenting fine Arab horses, richly decorated caparisons, and swords of honour to the members of the British Legation.

The Emperor of Austria, at Budapest, on Saturday, addressing the Austro-Hungarian Legations of the Diet,



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: THE KREMLIN ILLUMINATED.

Drawn by our Special Artist in Moscow.

At nightfall, after the Coronation ceremony, all Moscow was brilliantly illuminated. The Empress was presented with a bouquet which, by an ingenious electrical device, sparkled with light as her hand enclosed the stem. This was the signal for the illumination of the Kremlin, which was instantly ablaze with countless electric lights. The whole city followed suit, and so carefully had the preparations been planned that the myriad illuminations burst forth with wonderfully simultaneous effect.

settled on Friday, so far as concerned the carpenters and joiners, by the masters granting an advance of a halfpenny an hour, making tenpence an hour the minimum rate of wages. Ten thousand resumed work on Monday, but the plasterers and labourers stood out for the additional halfpenny an hour.

A deputation waited upon the Home Secretary at the Home Office on June 2 for the purpose of submitting sundry amendments to the Coal Mines Regulation Bill. The deputation included many members of the Mining Association of Great Britain, among them Sir Francis S. Powell, M.P., Colonel Blundell, and Mr. Heath, M.P.

This year's Derby resulted in the most popular victory—namely, that of the Prince of Wales's Persimmon, St. Frusquin being second and Earwig third. The winning horse, a colt by St. Simon—Perdita II., ran three times as a two-year-old, and won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot and the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. Persimmon was ridden to victory by the well-known jockey John Watts, amid intense enthusiasm. Apart from the popularity of the Prince of Wales on the Turf, the win has an added interest in the fact that this is the third occasion on which the Derby has been won by an Heir-Apparent.

On June 3 fifteen of the Newlyn rioters were brought before the Penzance authorities on a number of charges of riotous assembly, destruction of property, and attacks upon the police authorities. The military guard of one hundred men of the Berks Regiment remained in the district last week in case any further disturbances should arise in

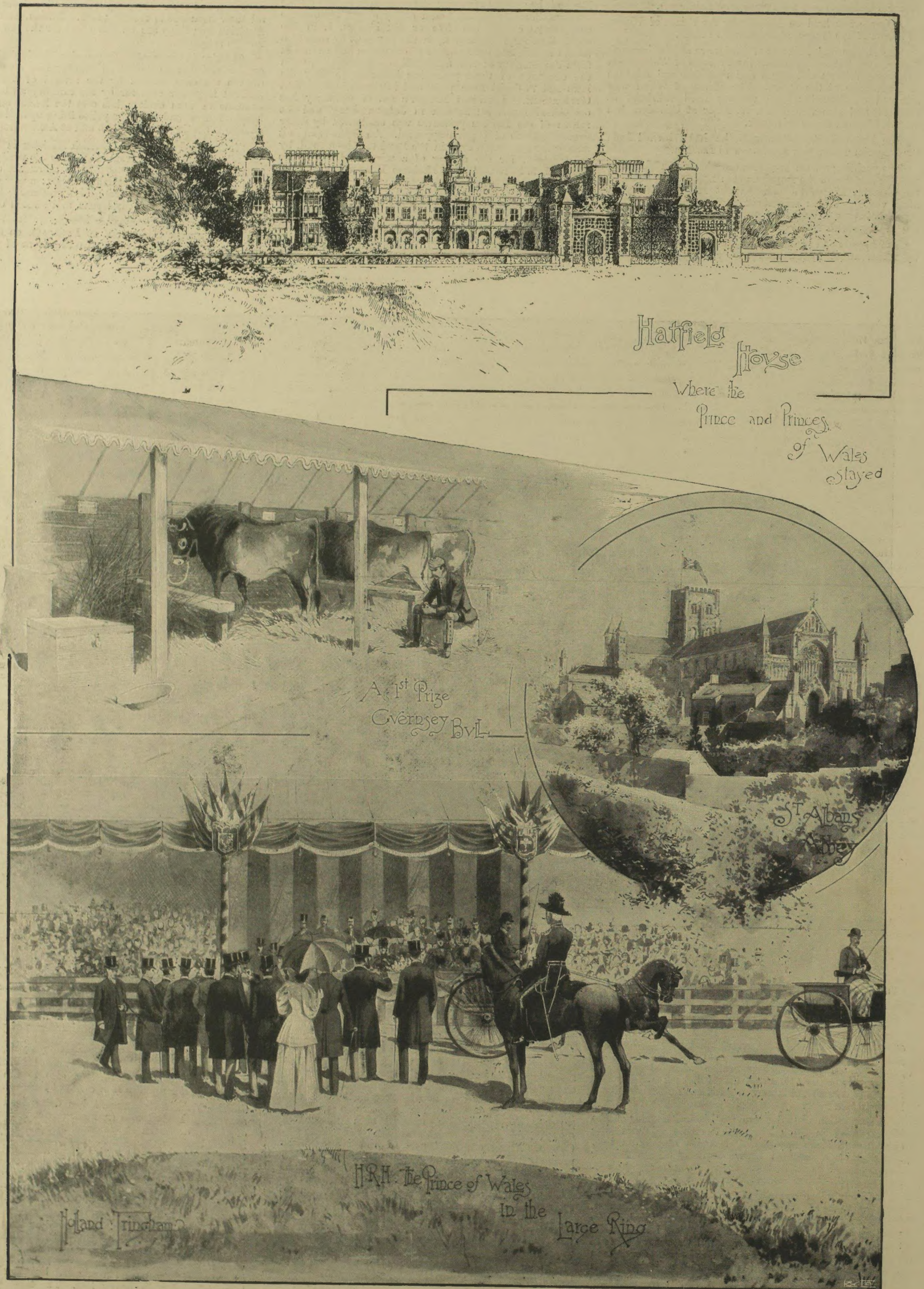
Kydonia, and Sphakia. The mountainous interior among the highlands of the Mount Ida range and on the southern coast being inhabited by a warlike race inspired with hereditary hatred of the Mussulman rule, could long sustain an armed insurrection assisted by the Greek committees at Athens; but the seaports and towns on the north coast, formerly belonging to Venice, have a predominant Mohammedan population, opposed both to schemes of Cretan independence and annexation to the kingdom of Greece. About one-third part of the islanders would probably refuse to join in the revolutionary movement, though desirous of reforms and of a separate provincial government, with secure guarantees; to be enforced by the European Powers, for equality of civil rights between people of different races and religions, and for an equitable system of taxation and judicial administration beyond official interferences from Constantinople. The recent outbreak, beginning at Canea on May 24, took the form of a conflict between a Mohammedan mob and a Greek Christian mob in the streets and at the gates of the town, where more than twenty persons were killed, and several houses were plundered, the Turkish soldiers joining the party of their own religion. A small Turkish garrison was next blockaded in the fort of Vamos by an armed force of insurgent Greek peasants, but has been relieved by the Governor of Crete, Abdullah Pasha, at the head of the regular troops. Acts of rapine, murder, and outrage have been perpetrated at Retimo, in which the Christians have been the sufferers; the villages of Agri, Mylopotamo, and Kalyves have been attacked by Mohammedan

spoke with confidence of the maintenance of peace by the attitude of the Triple Alliance, noticed with satisfaction the recognition of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and expressed goodwill towards Italy, as a faithful ally of the Austrian Empire. He referred also to the opening of navigation through the Iron Gates of the Danube.

The French Government has determined at once to convert its Protectorate in Madagascar, with the consent of the Hova Queen Ranavalona, into a French colony, to include the adjacent islands. Her Majesty is to retain the title of royalty, and the native chiefs their rank, privileges, and local authority, under the French Governor. M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Saturday laid before the Chamber of Deputies at Paris a Bill for the enactment of this change, which has been referred to a Parliamentary Committee.

In the Eastern Sudan British Indian troops have been landed at Souakim on May 30 to the number of nearly a thousand, under Colonel Charles Egerton, and six hundred were immediately sent on to occupy Tokar. The Mahdist or Dervish force near Kassala, led by Ahmed Fadil, has been defeated with heavy loss. The Khalifa Abdullah, successor of the Mahdi, has summoned all his Emirs to a conference at Omdurman, Khartoum, upon their means of opposing the Anglo-Egyptian advance to Dongola.

A very satisfactory report on the prospects and general financial condition of the British Central Africa Protectorate has been received from Sir H. H. Johnston, who was to leave Mozambique for England on May 26.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT ST. ALBANS, MAY 29.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

XV.

THE BATTLE OF THE MERCHANT-SHIPS.

When the *Vittorio* showed that in veering away from the *Monterey* she had done so only in order to make a sweep around to the west, and when she had headed south, and the mattresses lowered along her starboard side showed plainly to Captain Horn that she was about to attack him and how she was going to do it, his first thought was to embarrass her by reversing his course and steering this way and that, but he instantly dismissed this idea. The pirate vessel was smaller and faster than his own, and probably much more easily managed; and apart from the danger of a collision fatal to his ship, he would only protract the conflict by trying to elude her. He was so sure that he had men enough to beat down the scoundrels when they tried to board that he thought the quicker the fight began the better. If only he had Shirley and Burke with him! he thought; but although they were not here, he had Edna to fight for, and that made three men of himself.

With most of his men crouching behind his port bulwarks and others protected by deck-houses, smoke-stack, and any other available devices against gun-shots, Captain Horn awaited the coming of the pirate steamer, which was now steaming towards him as if it intended to run him down. As she came near, the *Vittorio* slowed up and the *Monterey* veered to starboard; but notwithstanding this precaution and the fact that they sailed side by side for nearly a minute without touching, the two vessels came together with such force that the *Monterey*, high out of water, rolled over as if a great wave had struck her. As she rolled back grappling-irons were thrown over her rail and cables, and lines were made fast to every available place which could be reached by eager hands and active arms. Some of the grappling-irons were immediately thrown off by the crew of the *Monterey*, but the chains of others had been so tightened as the vessel rolled back to an even keel that it was impossible to move them.

The *Monterey's* rail was considerably higher than that of the *Vittorio*, and as none of the crew of the former vessel had shown themselves, no shots had yet been fired; but with the activity of apes the pirates tried to scramble over the side of the larger vessel. Now followed a furious hand-to-hand combat. Blows rained down on the heads and shoulders of the assailants, some of whom dropped back to the deck of their ship, while others drew their pistols and fired, right and left, at the heads and arms they saw over the rail of the *Monterey*.

The pirate leaders were amazed at the resistance they met with. They had not imagined that Captain Horn had so large a crew, or that it was a crew which would fight. But these pirates had their blood up, and not one of them had any thought of giving up their enterprise on account of this unexpected resistance. Dozens of them at a time sprang upon the rail of their own vessel, and with cutlass or pistol in one hand, endeavoured to scramble up the side of the *Monterey*; but although the few who succeeded in crossing her bulwarks soon fell beneath the blows and shots of her

crew, the attack was vigorously kept up, especially by pistol-shots.

Whenever there was a chance a pirate hand would be raised above the rail of the *Monterey* and a revolver discharged upon her rail, and every few minutes there would be a rush to one point or another and a desperate fight upon the rail. The engines of both vessels had been stopped, and the screaming and roaring of the escaping

steam gave additional horror to this fearful battle. Not a word could be heard from anyone, no matter how loudly it might be shouted.

Whatever firearms were possessed by the men on the *Monterey* were used with good effect, but in this respect they were vastly inferior to the enemy. When they had fired their pistols and their guns some of them had no more ammunition, and others had no opportunity to reload. The



Banker could not hold back, and followed him over the rail.

men of the *Vittorio* had firearms in abundance and pockets full of cartridges, consequently it was not long before Captain Horn's men were obliged to rely upon their hatchets, their handspikes, their belaying-pins, and their numbers. Banker was in a very furious state of mind. He had expected to board the *Monterey* without opposition, and now he had been fighting long and hard and not a man of his crew was on board the other vessel. He had soon discovered that there was a great many men on board the *Monterey*, but he believed that the real reason for the so far successful resistance was the fact that Captain Horn commanded them.

Several times he mounted the upper deck of the *Vittorio*, and, with a rifle in hand, endeavoured to get a chance to aim at the tall figure of which he now and then caught sight, and who he saw was directing everything that was going on. But every time he stood out with his rifle a pistol-ball whizzed by him and made him jump back. Whoever fired at him was not a good shot, but Banker did not wish to expose himself to any kind of a shot. Once he got a chance of taking aim at the Captain from behind the smokestack, but at that moment the Captain stepped back hurriedly out of view, as if somebody had been pulling him by the coat, and a ball rang against the funnel high above his head. It was plain he was watched, and would not expose himself.

But that devil Horn must be killed, and he swore between his grinding teeth that he himself would do it. His men, many of them with bloody heads, were still fighting, swearing, climbing, and firing. None of them had been killed, except those who had gained the deck of the other vessel; but Banker did not believe that they would be able to board the *Monterey* until its Captain had been disposed of. If he could put a ball into that fellow the fight would be over.

Banker now determined to lead a fresh attack instead of simply ordering one. If he could call to his men from the deck of the *Monterey*, they would follow him. The *Vittorio* lay so that her bow was somewhat forward of that of the *Monterey*, and as the rails at the bows of the two vessels were some distance apart, there was no fighting forward. The long boom of the foremast of the *Vittorio* stretched over her upper deck, and, crouching low, Banker cut all the lines which secured it. Then with a quick run he seized the long spar near its outer end, and thus, swinging it out until it struck the shrouds, he found himself hanging over the forward deck of the *Monterey*, upon which he quickly dropped.

It so happened that the fight was now raging aft, and for a moment Banker stood alone looking about him. He believed his rapid transit through the air had not been noticed. He would not call upon his men to follow as he had intended. Without much fear of detection he would slip quietly behind the crew of the *Monterey* and take a shot at Captain Horn the moment he laid eyes on him. Then he could shout out to his men to some purpose.

Banker moved on a few steps—not too cautiously, for he did not wish to provoke suspicion—when suddenly a hand was placed upon his chest. There was nobody in front of him but there was the hand, and a very big one it was and very black. Like a flash Banker turned and beheld himself face to face with the man Mok, the same chimpanzee-like negro who had been his slave, and with whom in the street of Paris he had once had a terrible struggle, which had resulted in his capture by the police and his imprisonment. Here was that same black devil again, his arms about him as if they had been chain cables on a windlass.

Banker had two pistols, but he had put them in his pockets when he made his swing upon the boom, and he had not yet drawn them, and now his arms were held so tightly to his sides that he could not get at his weapons. There was no one near. Banker was wise enough not to call out or even to swear an oath, and Mok had apparently relapsed into the condition of the speechless savage beast. With a wrench which might have torn an ordinary limb from its socket, Banker freed his left arm, but a black hand had grasped it before it could reach his pistol.

Then there was a struggle—quick, hard, silent, and furious, as if two great cobras were writhing together, seeking each other's death. Mok was not armed. Banker could not use knife or pistol. They stumbled, they went down on their knees, they rose and fell together against the rail. Instantly Banker, with his left arm and the strength of his whole body, raised the negro to the rail and pushed him outward. The action was so sudden, the effort of the maddened pirate was so great, that Mok could not resist it: he went over the side. But his hold upon Banker did not relax even in the moment when he felt himself falling, and his weight was so great, and the impetus was so tremendous, that Banker could not hold back, and followed him over the rail. Still clutching each other tightly, the two disappeared with a splash into the sea.

Fears were beginning to steal into the valiant heart of Captain Horn. The pirates were so well armed, they kept up such a savage fire upon his decks, that although their shots were sent at random, several men had been killed, and others—he knew not how many—wounded, that he feared his crew, ordinary sailors and not accustomed to such savage work as this, might consider the contest too unequal, and so lose heart. If that should be the case, the affair would be finished.

But there was still one means of defence on which he

thought he might rely to drive off the scoundrels. The *Monterey* had been a cotton-ship, and she was provided with hose by which steam could be thrown upon her cargo in case of fire; and Captain Hagar had undertaken to try to get this into condition to use upon the scoundrels who were endeavouring to board the vessel. By this time two heavy lines of hose had been rigged and attached to the boiler, and the other ends brought out on deck—one forward and the other amidships.

Captain Hagar was a quiet man and in no way a fighter, but now he seemed imbued with a reckless courage, and, without thinking of the danger of exposing himself to pistol or to rifle, he laid the nozzle of his hose over the rail and directed it upon the deck below. As soon as the hot steam began to pour upon the astonished pirates there were yells and execrations, and when another scalding jet came in upon them over the forward bulwarks of the *Monterey* the confusion became greater on the pirate ship.

It was at this moment, as Edna, her face pale and her bright eyes fixed upon the upper deck of the *Vittorio*, stood with a revolver in her hand at the window of her cabin, which was on deck, that her Swedish maid, trembling so much that she could scarcely stand, approached her and gave her notice that she must quit her service. Edna did not hear what she said. "Are you there?" she cried. "Look out—tell me if you can see Captain Horn?"

The frightened girl, scarcely knowing what she did, rushed from the cabin to look for Captain Horn, not so much because her mistress wanted information of him as because she thought to throw herself upon his protection. She believed that the Captain could do anything for anybody, and she ran madly along the deck on the other side from that on which the battle was raging, and meeting no one, did not stop until she had nearly reached the bow. Then she stopped, looked about her, and in a moment was startled by hearing herself called by her name. There was no one near her—she looked up, she looked around.

Then again she heard her name, "Sophie! Sophie!" Now it seemed to come from the water, and looking over the low rail, she beheld a black head on the surface of the sea. Its owner was swimming about endeavouring to find something on which he could lay hold, and he had seen the white cap of the maid above the ship's side. Sophia and Mok were very good friends, for the latter had always been glad to wait upon her in every way possible; and now she forgot her own danger in her solicitude for the poor black man.

"O Mok! Mok!" she cried. "Can't you get out of the water? Can I help you?"

Mok shouted out one of his few English words. "Rope! rope!" he said. But Sophia could see no rope except those which were fast to something, and in her terror she ran aft to call for assistance.

There was not now so much noise and din. The steam was not escaping from the boilers of the *Monterey*, for it was needed for the hose, and there were no more shots fired from the *Vittorio*. The officers of the pirate ship were running here and there looking for Banker that they might ask for orders, while the men were crowding together behind every possible protection and rushing below to escape the terrible streams of scalding steam.

Now that they could work in safety the *Monterey's* men got their handspikes under the grappling-irons and wrenched them from their holes, and, leaning over the side, they cut the ropes which held them to the pirate ship. The two vessels now swung apart, and Captain Horn was on the point of giving orders to start the engines and steam ahead when the maid Sophia seized him by the arm. "Mrs. Horn wants you," she said, "and Mok's in the water!"

"Mok!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, here! here!" cried Sophia, and running to the side, she pointed to where Mok's black head and waving arms were still circling about on the surface of the sea.

When a rope had been cast to Mok, and he had been hauled up the side, the Captain gave orders to start ahead, and rushed to the cabin where he had left Edna; but it was not during that brief interval of thankfulness that he heard how she had recognised the Rackbird, Banker, on the pirate ship, and how she had fired at him every time he had shown himself.

The *Monterey* started southward toward the point where they had last seen the yacht and the *Dunkery Beacon*, and the pirate ship, veering off to the south-east, steamed slowly away. The people on board of her were looking everywhere for Banker, for without him they knew not what they ought to do; but if their leader ever came up from the great depth to which he had sunk with Mok's black hands upon his throat, his comrades were not near the spot where, dead or alive, he floated to the surface.

XVI.

"SHE BACKED."

When Captain Burke observed the *Dunkery Beacon* steaming in his direction and soon afterwards perceived a signal on this steamer to the effect that she wished to speak with the yacht, he began to hope that he was going to get out of his difficulties. The natural surmise was that, as one of the pirates had gone to join another just arriving upon the scene, the *Dunkery Beacon*—the captain and the crew of which must have turned traitors—was now coming to

propose some arrangement—probably to give up Shirley—if the yacht would agree to go its way and cease its harassing interference.

If this proposition should be made Burke and Mrs. Cliff in conference decided to accept it. They had done all they could and would return to Kingston to report to Captain Horn what they had done and what they had discovered. But it was not long before the people on the yacht began to wonder very much at the conduct of the great steamer which was now rapidly approaching them, apparently under full head of steam.

The yacht was lying to her engines motionless, and the *Dunkery Beacon* was coming ahead like a furious ram on a course which, if not quickly changed, would cause her to strike the smaller vessel almost amidships. It became plainer and plainer every second that the *Dunkery* did not intend to change her course, and that her object was to run down the yacht.

Why the *Dunkery Beacon* should wish to ram the *Summer Shelter* nobody on board the yacht considered for a moment, but every one, even Willy Croup, perceived the immediate necessity of getting out of the way. Burke sprang to the wheel, and began to roar his orders in every direction. His object was to put the yacht round so that he could get out of the course of the *Dunkery Beacon* and pass her in the opposite direction to which she was going; but nobody on board seemed to be sufficiently alive to the threatening situation, or to be alert enough to do what was ordered at the very instant of command, and Burke, excited to the highest pitch, began to swear after a fashion entirely unknown to the two ladies and members of the synod. His cursing and swearing was of such a cyclonic and all-pervading character that some of those on board shuddered almost as much on account of his language as for fear of the terrible crash which was impending.

"This is dreadful!" said one of the clergymen, advancing as if he would mount to the pilot-house.

"Stop!" said Mr. Arbuckle, excitedly placing his hand upon the shoulder of the other. "Don't interfere at such a moment. The ship must be managed."

In a very short time, although it seemed like long weary minutes to the people on the yacht, her engines moved, her screw revolved, and she slowly moved around to leeward. If she could have done this half a minute sooner she would have steamed out of the course of the *Dunkery Beacon* so that that vessel must have passed her, but she did not do it soon enough. The large steamer came on at what seemed amazing speed, and would have struck the yacht a little abaft the bow had not Burke, seeing that a collision could not be avoided, slowly reversed his helm. Almost in the next second the two vessels came together, but it was the stem of the yacht which struck the larger steamer abaft the bow.

The shock to the *Summer Shelter* was terrific, and having but little headway at the moment of collision, she was driven backward by the tremendous momentum of the larger vessel as if she had been a ball struck by a bat. Every person on board was thrown down and hurled forward. Mrs. Cliff extended herself flat upon the deck, her arms outspread, and every clergyman was stretched at full length or curled up against some obstacle. The engineer had been thrown among his levers and cranks, bruising himself badly about the head and shoulders, while his assistant and Mr. Hodgson, who were at work below, were jammed among the ashes of the furnace, as if they were trying to stop the draught with their bodies.

Mr. Burdette was on the forward deck, and if he had not tripped and fallen, would probably have been shot overboard: and the sailing-master was thrown against the smokestack with such violence that for a few moments he was insensible.

Burke, who was at the wheel, saw what was coming, and tried to brace himself so that he should not be impaled upon one of the handles; but the shock was too much for him, and he pitched forward with so much force that he came near going over the wheel and out of the window of the pilot-house. As soon as Captain Burke could recover himself, he scrambled back to his position behind the wheel. He had been dazed and bruised, but his senses quickly came to him, and he comprehended the present condition of affairs.

The yacht had not only been forced violently backward, but had been veered around so that it now lay with its broadside toward the bow of the other steamer. In some way, either unwittingly by engineer, or by the violence of the shock, her engine had been stopped and she was without motion, except the slight pitching and rolling occasioned by the collision. The *Dunkery Beacon* was not far away, and Burke saw to his horror that she was again moving forward. She was coming slowly; but if she reached the yacht in the latter's present position she would have weight and force enough to roll over the smaller vessel.

Immediately Burke attempted to give the order to back the yacht. The instant performance of this order was the only chance of safety; but he had been thrown against the speaking-tube with such violence that he had jammed it and made it useless. He leaned out of the door of the pilot-house and yelled downward to the engineer to back her; he yelled to somebody to tell the engineer to back her; he shouted until his shouts became screams, but

nobody obeyed his orders, no one seemed to hear or to heed. But one person did hear.

Willy Croup had been impelled out of the door of the saloon and had slid forward on her knees and elbows until she was nearly under the pilot-house. At the sound of Burke's voice she looked up; she comprehended that orders were being given to which no attention was paid. The wild excitement of the shouting Captain filled her with an excitement quite as wild. She heard the name of the engineer; she heard the order; and without taking time to rise to her feet, she made a bound in the direction of the engine-room.

Thrusting her body half through the doorway, she yelled to the engineer, who, scarcely conscious of where he was or what he was doing, was pushing himself away from among his bars and rods. "Back her!" screamed Willy, and without knowing what she said or did, she repeated this order over and over again in a roaring voice which no one would have supposed her capable of, and accompanied by all the oaths which at that moment were being hurled down from the pilot-house.

The engineer did not look up, he did not consider himself nor the situation. There was but one impression upon his mind made by the electric flash of the order backed by the following crash of oaths. Instinctively he seized his lever, reversed the engine, and started the *Summer Shelter* backward. Slowly, very slowly she moved. Burke held his breath. There were other men who had risen to their feet, and these were also pale and breathless.

But the great steamer was coming on slowly. Her motion was increasing, but so was that of the yacht, and when, after some moments of almost paralysing terror, during which Willy Croup continued to hurl her furious orders into the engine-room, not knowing they had been obeyed, the two vessels drew near each other, the *Dunkery Beacon* crossed the bow of the *Summer Shelter* a very long biscuit-toss ahead.

"Miss Croup," said Mr. Litchfield, his hand upon her shoulder, "that will do. The yacht is out of immediate danger."

Willy started up. Her wild eyes were raised to the face of the young clergyman, the roar of her own invectives sounded in her ears. Tears poured from her eyes.

"Mercy on me, Mr. Litchfield!" she exclaimed, "what have I been saying?"

"Never mind now, Miss Croup," said he. "Don't think of what you said. She backed."

(To be continued.)

An important addition to the statuary of London's thoroughfares is shortly to be made by the erection on a permanent resting place of the fine bronze statue of her Majesty the Queen by the late Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A. The statue, it will be remembered, was presented to the Corporation of the City of London by Sir Alfred Seale Haslam, the well-known ex-Mayor of Derby, who had the privilege of receiving the Queen on the occasion of her State visit to that town. The statue is now to be placed at the point where Queen Victoria Street merges into the Victoria Embankment.

THE GREAT CYCLONE IN AMERICA.

On the evening of May 27 the city of St. Louis, in Missouri, U.S.A., was laid in ruins by a cyclone of appalling violence, which left behind it unparalleled loss of life and irretrievable damage to property. The numbers of people who perished before the storm had spent its fury run into many hundreds, while the wounded, many of whom must yet die from their fearful injuries, are reckoned at some two thousand at the very least. The tornado burst upon the city soon after five o'clock. Sultry weather had prevailed during the afternoon, but a gusty wind arose shortly before the outbreak. Lowering thunder-clouds were seen to concentrate into one great formation which

many of whom were destined never to see their homes again, either because those homes were obliterated or because they themselves met their death in the storm. Over the waters of the Mississippi the tornado raged with terrible fury. Sixteen large vessels were wrecked, among them an excursion-barge laden with pleasure-seekers, who suffered terrible injuries, and one end of the massive Eads Bridge was completely wrecked, its famous masonry being hurled into the river by tons. On the outskirts of the town most of the railway lines were torn up or blocked with debris, and carriages and trucks were caught up from the metals and in many cases hurled through the air as though they had been so many implements of war, carrying fresh destruction. Nor

was the fury of the storm exhausted upon St. Louis, for it swept onward with disastrous effect over many towns and villages in Missouri and Illinois.

The work of rescue and ministrations to distress has been splendidly organised and carried out with fine energy and resource by the citizens of St. Louis. Great progress has already been made with the clearance and renovation of the town, and relief funds for the homeless and destitute population have received prompt and generous support. The dire effects of the storm can be partially, at least, understood from the estimate that no fewer than seven thousand homes have been wrecked. It seems, indeed, almost impossible that the total loss of life has not been even greater than that at present reported, but the fate of some hundreds besides those who are known to have perished is still a matter of conjecture, and the scenes of the recognition of dead bodies at the Morgue have been terrible in their pathos during the exploration of the ruins. The effects of the storm present many curious instances of its freakishness. Over certain areas it seems to have uplifted itself, leaving them almost unscathed. Then it descended again and swept all before it. In one house, which was bodily uprooted, a woman and four children were carried some distance without injury, although the very clothing was stripped off the children.

The chaos caused by the cyclone set plunder afoot, and the local militia were called out to protect the great amount of property cast adrift among the ruins. Strong military companies have since kept guard over the ruined

quarters of the town, the police being fully occupied with the care of the many thieves and desperadoes whose prison walls were laid low by the storm in its impartial violence. These prompt precautions on the part of the authorities have done much to restore order in the panic-stricken town, the mass of whose inhabitants have now set themselves bravely to the task of recovering some measure of its former prosperity.

The terrible catastrophe has excited widespread sympathy, and messages of condolence have been forwarded to the Mayor of St. Louis from various foreign Governments. At Washington a resolution for the relief of the sufferers was promptly passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate, and signed by the President. A supply of Government tents has been dispatched for the sheltering of the great population left homeless, and provisions have been conveyed to the town by the Government boats.



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U.S.A., DEVASTATED BY A CYCLONE ON MAY 27.

swept across the sky from the south-west. As this dense cloud approached, day was rapidly turned into night, and in pitch darkness the tornado fell upon the helpless city, on the district known as East St. Louis, while a whirlwind from the north-west seized the whole region of West St. Louis. The havoc that ensued was appalling. Public buildings and great warehouses were levelled with the ground, and smaller houses were uprooted and hurled along until they fell in showers of debris. The electric organisation of the city was wrecked in a moment, with the result that utter darkness rendered the confusion more terrible in parts of the town, while disastrous conflagrations were kindled over other quarters. The tornado came just at the hour when people of all classes were leaving their places of occupation in the various business quarters of St. Louis, so that the streets and conveyances were thronged by passengers,

FROM JOHANNESBURG TO BULUWAYO.

A LETTER FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The best route from Johannesburg to Buluwayo is via Mafeking, a distance of some 1500 miles by rail and coach. On receiving my orders to start for Buluwayo, I therefore determined on this route, and having said good-bye to a few personal friends, left by the 10 p.m. train from Johannesburg, not without a sincere regret, for during my stay there of some four months I had received the utmost kindness from great and small alike. As the train passed out of the station I could not help feeling that I was leaving one of the most wonderful towns in the world. After a journey of three days and nights we steamed into Mafeking station. Two or three native boys immediately seized my luggage, and off we started for the Surrey Hotel. Unfortunately, every room was occupied, but the proprietress said she would arrange for me and my man, and on following her I found myself in a loft, with canvas roof and walls, situated directly over an onion store-room. However, as a beggar for sleeping quarters I could not be a chooser, and therefore prepared to put up with the inevitable. Whether I was tired from the railway journey or the fumes of the onions had a soporific effect on me I cannot say, but I never slept more soundly.

I had received a letter of introduction to Mr. Julius Weil, the great contractor, who has the finest of stores all

up to fight, as also were two or three other men of the company.

Our journey during the day passed easily and merrily enough, and we arrived safely at Gaberones Station, where we were told that the last coach had pitched off the mails to take on ammunition, and that we should have to carry them. I shall not easily forget the sight of the coach after it had been laden at the top with the extra bags. It looked appalling, and even the old hands on the stoop of Weil's store said we should never get through with such a load, we were bound to turn over: so you can imagine all our feelings. At Gaberones there is a detachment of the British Bechuanaland Police, whose duty it is to watch the interests of the Imperial Government in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The police were few in number at the time at the pretty little fort, hospital, and barracks, owing to the fact that most of them were scattered about seeing that the orders of the High Commissioner with regard to the cattle plague were carried out. Oxen by hundreds were being shot almost daily, and unfortunately those killed, as well as those that die naturally from the ravages of the plague, known as the rinderpest, are left in such close proximity to the road that the stench from this fort right up to Buluwayo is almost unbearable. In many cases the animals were lying dead on the road, and the coach had to take to the veldt to skirt round them, and that is now one of the principal dangers of night travelling. Thousands upon thousands of these poor beasts are lying all the

to pay us a visit, and not seeing me with the others asked where I was, and being told I was sick in bed, he insisted on coming to see me, and a chair was placed by my bedside, where he sat chatting for a long time with the aid of an interpreter (Mr. MacLaren). I told him how delighted I was to see him wearing English clothes, and Waukenphast boots; and he gave a pleasant smile as he replied he was very fond of English people and English clothes, for he had had such a happy time on his visit to England.

After three days in bed I was well enough to resume my journey. The mails were crammed inside the coach, which I now took, right up to the ceiling. Mr. Taylor, the Matabili and Native Commissioner, was the one other traveller beside myself. We left about twelve at night, and travelled on very well till about three in the morning, when the driver mistook the road and drove into a spruit, nearly upsetting us; then the coach had to be unloaded before our ten mules could pull it out. This done, we proceeded on our way, but had not gone four miles before he again drove into an awful place by the side of the road. I was asleep, but was soon hauled down, and no sooner did I reach the ground than the mules started again to try and get the coach out of the mess, and over it went with a crash, and everything had to be unloaded once more.

That night we arrived at Mangwe, where a laager had been established, and we found several ladies and children, who arrived there in a small coach; and orders were with a Dr. Sawyer that we were to exchange ours for theirs, but the



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: FORT MATOLI, ON THE ROAD TO BULUWAYO.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

along the road and in the principal towns of the district, but even before I could present it, he exclaimed, on seeing me, "How are you, Sir? Do you remember me in the Zulu War, and our return voyage to England in the same ship? What can I do for you?" "Well, I am going to Buluwayo, and I want a seat in the coach and all the information you can give me." "Come to lunch at my house at one o'clock," said he heartily; "and as I know every inch of the road I will do all I can for you." After an excellent lunch we strolled over to the office and, as good fortune would have it, the best seat in the coach had just been given up, and I was able to engage it at once.

The coach started at 5 a.m. After many good-byes the driver made a feeble attempt at blowing the horn, and amid many yells and much cracking of whips the ten mules, two abreast, started pulling the cumbersome coach, with its ten inside passengers. This, however, was only a preliminary start, for we had to stop and pick up the mail, which happened to be a very heavy one. By seven o'clock we were fairly on our way, and my first amusement was to conjecture who my travelling companions were and for what purpose they were going north. One was Captain Heugh, Magistrate of Tuli, whom I had met in Natal many years back; then there was Surgeon-Major Holmden, also going to take up his duties as doctor to the British Bechuanaland Police at Palapye. Next to him was a capital fellow, a Mr. Boijer, from Finland, who was going up as a volunteer to fight and then bring his younger brother, if possible, safely back from the front. Opposite to me sat Lieutenant Biscoe, whom I had met before in many a campaign, and next to me was Mr. Everett, going

way up, and although 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. is being paid for each animal buried, the natives cannot cope with the numbers that are dead. More significant even than this are the hundreds of wagons, laden with valuable merchandise, now standing idle on either side of the road, the owners and transport riders not knowing what to do in their awful dilemma. They cannot obtain fresh oxen, and the few mules on the road are all wanted for the mail, yet they cannot leave their valuable cargo on the veldt at the mercy of the natives. To my mind, this awful rinderpest has a far more serious bearing on the future prosperity of the country than even the Matabili rising. It will be years before the lost cattle can be replaced, for capital in most cases is wholly vested in wagons and oxen.

But now to continue our journey north. On April 6 at 11 p.m. we arrived at Machudi, where we stopped an hour for supper. A native runner had arrived here and stated that the mail coach would not be able to proceed beyond Tati, as the Matabili were advancing, and had murdered all the Bechuanaland Border Police at Macoutsie. At 7.30 a.m. we arrived at a post mule station, where a jolly little stout Cape woman made us welcome and helped us to get breakfast.

At the next halting-place we all went down to have a wash in what would in ordinary times be dignified with the name of river, but in the present dry season all we could find was a little pool of green, smelling water; nevertheless we all had the wash we so much needed.

When we got to Palapye, the town of Khama, the Christian chief, I was laid up with an attack of rheumatism. Khama, having heard that Captain Heugh, Dr. Holmden, and myself had stopped in the town, came over

difficulty was enormous, on account of the heavy mail. I was soon invited to dinner by Mr. Armstrong, who informed me he was in charge of the fort and laager, and told me I could sleep in his hut, as we should not be able to go on during the night, as the road was too dangerous to travel over except by daylight. He is not yet twenty-one years of age, and as an assistant native Commissioner is said to be very clever and smart.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey, and about three p.m. arrived at Fig Tree, a mule station with telegraph office, where Colonel Molyneux was in charge, and had formed a fort for the protection of the road on a kopje or mass of rocks in a most ingenious manner. There is a natural formation of rock of which Colonel Molyneux has taken every advantage, and the fort may fairly be said to be impregnable against the whole of the Matabili nation. There is water at the base of the kopje, and any amount of room for storing provisions and ammunition for months. After we had had something to eat, a false alarm was given, and I had the satisfaction of seeing how smartly the men rushed to their positions and stood to arms.

As the road from Fig Tree was considered dangerous, Colonel Molyneux supplied us with a mounted escort to our next halt, where another escort continued with the coach, and then, twelve miles from Buluwayo, another escort of men was sent out to meet us, and without any attack from the enemy we arrived at the now famous town of Buluwayo about eleven a.m., and my journey of eighteen days' hard travelling by rail and coach—with the exception of the three days during which I was laid up with rheumatism—was accomplished.



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

LITERATURE.

There are a few novelists who do not so much write as tell you a story, their genial personality showing through till you feel that you are listening to a friend rather than watching a drama. Sir Walter Besant, for instance, seems always in person "to come to you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner," and this sense of a living and kindly voice addressing you doubles the charm of the story. This charm you feel particularly in his last delightful romance, *The Master Craftsman* (Chatto and Windus), where only this living voice could hold you hypnotically spell-bound till you accept unquestioningly the wonderful Wapping idyll. Its subject is the oldest and most popular of all—the finding of "unsunn'd heaps of miser's treasure"—but you are not transported to the mines of King Solomon, or to a treasure island in tropic seas, where anything and everything seems possible to the imagination, for the cache is an old chest in an old house in squalid Wapping. This chest has through three generations been searched and searched again, and tapped and shaken and examined by expert eyes and measured by expert hands, but only "the fated fairy prince" was destined to discover its secret drawer. Even he needed the aid of a dream to help him to the discovery; and the sole fault we have to find with this charming romance is that, though the dream indicated not only where the treasure was, but whose it was, the hero made it over to the descendant of the man who stole it, instead of to the descendant of the man from whom it was stolen. "Old John Burnikel simply cut the belt from the waist of a passenger gone mad for the time. The passenger recovered after landing, but could not remember the name of the ship or the captain, and he was the great-grandfather of Isabel"—that is, of the charming heroine. Why make it over then to the rasping Robert Burnikel, whom the reader equally admires and dislikes? We can hardly forgive Sir Walter this piece of poetic injustice, in spite of, or rather because of, our keen enjoyment of the rest of the romance.

Mr. Rolf Boldrewood, who should be an authority, assures the English public that *The Man from Snowy River* (Macmillan and Co.) "comprises the best bush ballads written since the death of Lindsay Gordon." Certainly, the racing ballads have a sort of onomatopoeic rush in them that carries us away; but "the humour, the pathos, and the romance" Mr. Boldrewood bids us mark as "delicately and distinctly touched" in Mr. Paterson's verses are not of an admirable kind. There is a lack of point in the humour of a bet against a man throwing a stone across a river—when there was not a stone within miles—and a lack of taste in a humorous description of the drowning of a drunkard.

In a handsome volume devoted to *Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Localities Adjacent: Their Historical and Topographical Associations*, Mr. Charles William Heckethorne has produced one of the most valuable of the many books in each of which an interesting region of London is described as it is and as it has been, with accounts of its streets and buildings and references to its notable inhabitants and to incidents of a social kind of which it has been the scene. Few districts of the Metropolis offer richer and more varied material to a topographer of this class than the area illustrated by pen and pencil in this beautiful volume. For hundreds of years Lincoln's Inn has been one of the great legal centres of London. Famous lawyers, from Lord Somers to Lord Erskine, have been domiciled in its immediate vicinity; and the pulpit of its chapel, built by Inigo Jones, has been occupied by famous preachers, from Archbishop Tillotson to Frederick Denison Maurice, of whom, by the way, there is no mention in Mr. Heckethorne's volume, exhaustive though it be. The region teems with literary associations, from those of the chambers near the old gatehouse of the Inn, where Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer, with a book in his pocket, to those of John Forster in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Charles Dickens read, before they were published, his Christmas books to distinguished friends. In the "Fields" proper—recently converted into a public recreation-ground, Lord William Russell was beheaded, near the mansion in which afterwards the Duke of Newcastle, once Chatham's Ministerial chief, held the levées satirised by Smollett. The first theatres opened after the Restoration were in the area described by Mr. Heckethorne. The tide of fashion, in its westward flow, covered the district, and has left a few traces and many memories of its presence. The hand alike of the destroyer and the rebuilders has long been busy there, especially of late years. Further changes are imminent in the projected construction of a new street on the west side of the Fields. It is well that so diligent, skilful, and enthusiastic a topographer as Mr. Heckethorne should have preserved the history and aspects of buildings which have been demolished in the past and are threatened with demolition in the present, in a volume full of admirable maps, plans, portraits, and illustrations by Alfred Beaver and other artists. An ample table of contents, with two indexes, one of them biographical, the other general, greatly facilitates reference.

A book with a dual fascination—as a tale and as a psychological study—is *The Statement of Stella Maberly*. Written by Herself. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—It really seems

to have been written by a lunatic in a lucid interval, for the insane story is told with a coherence incompatible with insanity. The logical, pertinent telling of the story would stand this test of sanity better than three-fourths of the novels of the day; but the story itself? Here it is in outline. Stella Maberly, owing to her father's ruin, has to take the situation of paid companion to a girl, Evelyn Heseltine, whose favourite companion she had been at school. Stella's impracticable temper had left her in a kind of leprous isolation, and Evelyn, alone of all and through all, clings to her. When, however, Hugh Dallas comes upon the scene as Evelyn's lover, Stella becomes frantically jealous, first of Evelyn's love for Hugh, and at last and insanely of Hugh's love for Evelyn. In her despairing passion she resolves upon suicide, and chooses death by chloral as the least suicidal in appearance. Before she could make up her mind to take the mortal draught, Evelyn draws from her a confession of her love for Hugh, and transports her with the revelation of Hugh's love for her! It was Stella, not Evelyn, he had loved all along! But between the confession and the revelation Stella had allowed Evelyn's aunt to take the bottle of chloral to give her niece a sleeping-draught from it. No sooner had the aunt taken it than it occurred to Stella that a single dose might be fatal to a girl whose heart was as weak as Evelyn's, and this half-hope, half-fear becomes certainty when, upon reading the written revelation of the real object of Hugh's passion, she hurries to her friend's room to find her dead! In an agony of remorse she prays frantically, first to God, to restore her friend to life, and

nephew, Dr. Stodart Walker, who prefaces the *Selected Poems* of his uncle, which Mr. Macqueen has just issued, with an appreciation of "the Happy Warrior." Dr. Walker has done his labour of love exceeding well, exhibiting a discretion which must have been difficult to exercise by one who knew the Blackie of the fireside as he did. It is a charming portrait of the old man, and will be read with pleasure by all who know anything of its subject. Blackie had been writing verse for sixty long years, his first notable contribution being his edition of "Faust" (1834). He was an enthusiastic lover of song to the last, for he wrote a virile preface to the "Scottish Students' Song Book" (of which Dr. Walker is one of the editors) two or three years ago. His range was a wide one, and his hand was everywhere. Thus these selected verses are timely characteristic of one aspect of a many-sided nature, the dominant note of which was an inspiring optimism.

Mr. O'Sullivan is probably among the most recent of the recruits who in ever-increasing numbers are joining the great army of minor poets. His volume of *Poems* (Elkin Mathews) shows that he has in him the making of a pleasing verseman, but he should avoid imitating those of the modern French poets who most appropriately style themselves "Decadents." He is best when he is simplest, as in the lullabies sung by mothers to their babes, and in devotional pieces in which the Roman Catholic Christian gives voice to a grateful piety without those ravings of a factitious remorse which disfigure some of them. There is too much of the poetry of the charnel-house in his verse, and too much in his most ambitious efforts that stamps him as at present an over-enthusiastic disciple of what Renan called "the school of the Unintelligible."

A LITERARY LETTER.

It is not often that Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge issue a catalogue so full of errors as that which appears concerning the sale of the library of Mr. Alfred Crampon, of Paris. A copy of the fifth edition of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is described as "probably unique," whereas there are at least a dozen copies of the book in existence. A copy of the "Modern Minerva" is described as "probably written by Shelley," whereas there is not the slightest evidence that the poet wrote it, and, in fact, it is absolutely certain that he did not. Shelley's "Address to the Irish People" is described as having been "suppressed by the Government before the copies were distributed," and the catalogue further states that only two or three copies are known. Several copies of the "Address to the Irish People" are in the hands of English bibliophiles, and it is well known to every reader of Shelley's life that he himself scattered the pamphlet broadcast from the window of a Dublin house, and it never received the compliment of suppression by the Government. Shelley's "Œdipus Tyrannus, or Swellfoot the Tyrant," which has the good fortune to appear in the catalogue, is accompanied by the inaccurate statement that only two or three copies are known. Of this book there were only five copies printed, and every one of them can be accounted for. One of them is in the British Museum, the second is in the Forster Library at South Kensington, the third is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Wise, and the fourth in the possession of Mr. Buxton Forman. The fifth is in Messrs. Sotheby's sale.

Of Lord Tennyson's "Victim" we are told that no copy has ever been sold by auction. This also is not true. Then there is the usual inaccuracy, which obtains in too many catalogues, of describing the Smith and Elder edition of the Brontë Poems of 1846 as a first edition. It can only be described as a first edition with a new title-page, as the first edition of the Poems by "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell" was published by Messrs. Aylott and Jones. Finally, the Salisbury edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield"—which is generally now accounted a forgery—is inaccurately described as the first edition of that great book. The most interesting item in the sale, it seems to me, is the copy of Coleridge's "Poems on Various Subjects" of 1796. This volume contains Coleridge's receipt for the copyright: "Received, the 28th of March, 1796, the sum of thirty guineas, for the copyright of my Poems, beginning with *Monody on Chatterton*, and ending with *Religious Musings*."—S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is sometimes said that the publishers of our day are not making the money that they used to do: it is all now, they tell us, going to the authors. Be this as it may, they are, at any rate, showing no lack of "fight." We have seen Mr. Heinemann, for example, in fierce controversy with the authors' agents, and as for one of the newest and most enterprising of publishing firms, the Methuens, one scarcely opens a paper without finding them in the wars. Quite recently they fell foul of the *Academy* for refusing to notice their books without an equivalent in advertisements. This week they send a fiery letter to the *Athenæum*, objecting to some censure upon them for publishing an edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" without notes. I should have thought that we owed them a debt of gratitude for this. All our British classics have been over-edited of late, and I am not sure that it would not be better if both notes and introduction were entirely banished from the future issues of the British classics. I am perfectly certain that Boswell would have double the number of readers he has to-day were he not so overlaid with the notes of commentators. C. K. S.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

Sir Walter Besant, whose latest novel, "The Master Craftsman," is reviewed in these columns, was born in 1856, and educated at King's College, London, and Christ's, Cambridge, where he won distinction as a mathematician. He was for a time Senior Professor in the Royal College, Mauritius, but returned to England owing to ill-health. After publishing several volumes of literary criticism and biography, he became famous as part-author, with the late Mr. James Rice, of a long series of popular novels, of which, perhaps, the most striking are "The Golden Butterfly," "Ready-Money Mortiboy," and "The Chaplain of the Fleet." Since the death of Mr. Rice he has won a second reputation as sole author of many successful novels and romances, among them "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" (which originated the People's Palace in the East End), "Dorothy Forster," "The Rebel Queen," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." His works in other branches of literature include two volumes on "London" and biographical studies of Rabelais and Coligny. He received the honour of knighthood just a year ago.

when God will not hear, to Satan. Satan restores life to the corpse by reanimating it with a malevolent soul. The succuba wins Hugh's love, and seeks to secure Stella's silence by the threat of charging her with the murder of Evelyn. This threat Stella braves, and confides her discovery not to Hugh only, but—in forbidding the bans of his marriage with the succuba—to the rector also, with the inevitable result of being regarded and treated as a mad woman. She recovers from a long illness to find Hugh and the succuba married, and takes the first opportunity of being left alone with the creature to strangle it, whereupon Hugh blows his brains out, and Stella is shut up in a lunatic asylum. The author's singular insight into the workings of a mind in madness amounts almost to genius.

If any doubt ever attached to the interest in John Stuart Blackie's picturesque personality, it has been set at rest by the success of Miss Stoddart's biography, and Mr. H. A. Kennedy's sketch of the Grecian that Modern Athens has lost. "There's nae sic men a-makin' noo," as a bard of his fostering Granite City sings; and the reading public have endorsed the Doric by buying edition after edition of his life story. And now comes a tribute from another

BRITISH RESIDENCY AT COOMASSIE.

King Prempeh's capital has undergone many alterations since its monarch's downfall, and the important building operations which have for some time been progressing apace will soon stand completed as an outward sign of British civilisation in the late headquarters of Ashanti barbarism. When the Expeditionary Force under Sir Francis Scott quitted Coomassie on Jan. 22 last a small party of Royal Engineers, under the command of Captain Phillips, R.E., with whom were Lieutenant C. E. G. Vesey, R.E., and Captain Hicks, of the 3rd Battalion Somerset Light Infantry, was left at Coomassie for the purpose of constructing a fort and residency, and for such other works as the Governor, Sir W. Maxwell, might consider necessary.

We now give a view of the fort and residency as the new building will appear when completed. The residency will possess a certain historical interest, as it is being constructed from the granite of which King Koffee Kalkalli's palace was formerly built. The granite was originally carried up piece by piece from the coast, over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, the palace being partly built under the supervision of Mr. Ramsayer, the missionary, who, with his wife and family, it will be remembered, was one of those rescued from captivity by the expedition to Coomassie under the command of Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet Wolseley) in 1874. King Koffee's palace was destroyed in 1874 by Colonel Hume, and a portion of the ruins was found still standing in King Prempeh's palace. That portion which had been blown down was discovered in the bush, about a mile and a half from Coomassie, overgrown with vegetation, having apparently been carried away and deposited there shortly after the palace had been destroyed.

The new fort is constructed almost entirely of bricks, the supply of which has been a matter of some difficulty.



KING PREMPEH'S WAR-DRUMS, NOW UTILISED AS WATER-BARRELS IN THE BUILDING OPERATIONS AT THE NEW RESIDENCY, COOMASSIE.

within the reach of the ordinary amateur are Battison Haynes's pretty "Westwood Gavotte" and graceful "Idyll." On the value of "Choral Society Vocalisation,"

achieving the result aimed at by the composer—i.e., to make better singers of the members of choral societies in general.

A packet of interesting songs reaches us from Enoch and Sons. Conspicuous among these are two from the talented pen of Paolo Tosti. The first, entitled "My Darling," has three very pretty verses by Frederic E. Weatherly, each of which is framed with music full of melodic charm and beauty. The accompaniment is effective. The second is a "Barcarolle," with words by Clifton Bingham. This bears a marked resemblance to the well-known "Venetian Song" by the same composer. It is dainty and bright, and is certain to suit the public taste. Another song that should please is Frances Allitsen's "Bygone," words by Ellis Walton. It has a good refrain. "The Star of Eternity" and the "Old Highland Home" are written in Gerald Lane's customary attractive style. The latter has a swing about it that is irresistible. Landon Ronald's "Les Adieux" is not remarkable for originality, but it is an unquestionably striking and pretty example of the French school. The English version is by R. H. Elkin, and the song is dedicated to Madame Melba. A good waltz is "My Dream of You," by Otto Roeder.

In "To Make Thee Mine," the music by Renzo Rotondo is scarcely equal in merit to George Newland's charming words; but Clifton Bingham's verses in "The Bay of Sighs" have been done justice to by H. Chilver-Wilson. The latter is well written and effective. More simple, yet still interesting, is "The Way Home," words by E. Teschemacher, music by C. Mawson-Marks. All three songs are published by G. Ricordi and Co.

Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt, and Hatzfeldt, Limited, send us a fresh and tuneful effusion from the pen of Geoffrey T. Bennett, whose name is new to us, but who displays in "O Summer Wind" a musicianly and sympathetic style. An acceptable specimen of the semi-sacred character is "The Road to Light," by Elphinstone Thorpe and Walter Walpole. Fred. T. Harper's *gavotte à danser* "En Fête" is unpretentious and easy, and Arthur Somervell's seven compositions, entitled "The Romance of the Ball," are equally free from difficulty, and can be recommended to budding pianists.



CONSTRUCTING THE RESIDENCY AT COOMASSIE.

The process of manufacture had to be adapted by various expedients to suit local conditions, for the natives were ignorant of brickmaking, and it was necessary to produce large quantities of sound good bricks in a short space of time.

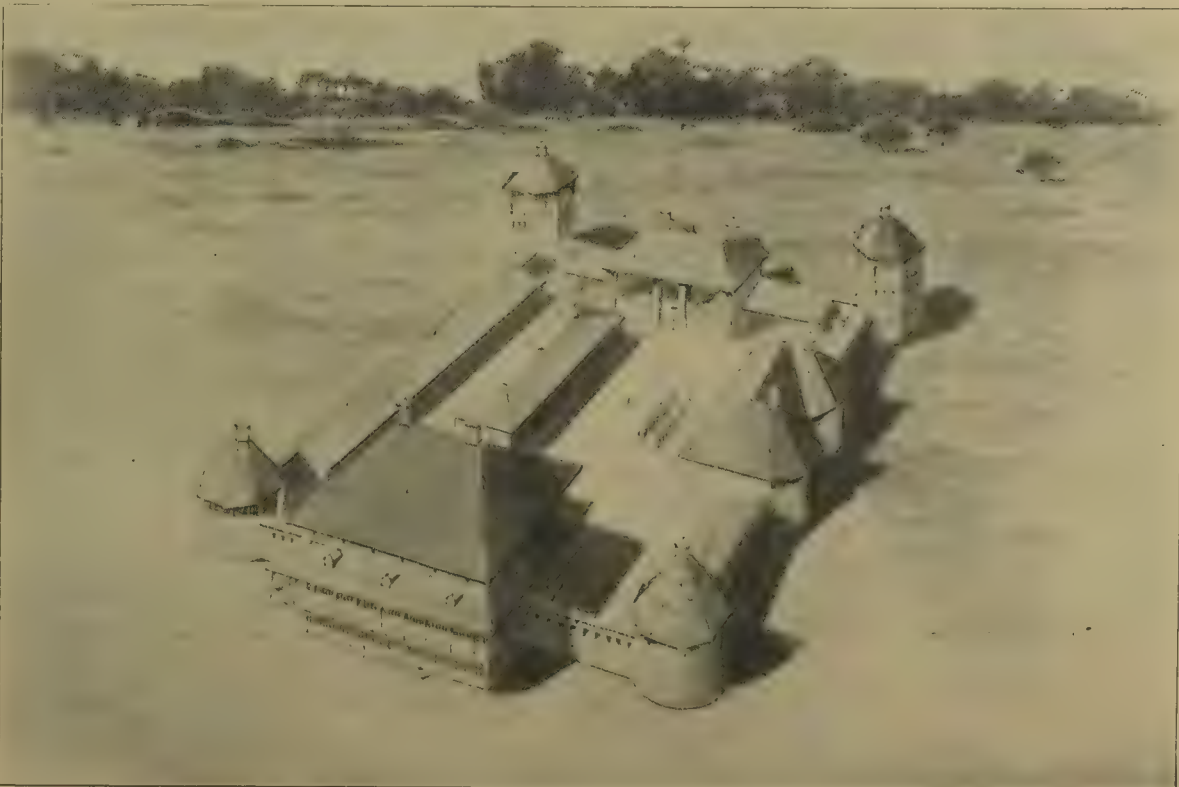
One of our sketches illustrates the irony of conquest by showing the strange use to which King Prempeh's war-drums were put by the Royal Engineers, who utilised them as tubs to contain the water necessary for the mixing of their mortar. The King's Grove, near the palace, was razed to the ground as being a fetish. When a shaft for a charge of powder was being sunk at this spot, the remains of one of the Princes who had been buried there were reached, and near his head was found a copper bowl containing the severed head of a young woman who had presumably been told off to accompany him to a better world.

Our illustrations are from photographs kindly supplied to us by Captain G. E. Phillips, R.E., who was left by Sir Francis Scott in command of the building operations at Coomassie.

NEW MUSIC.

The "Twenty-four Vocal Exercises" by Marco Bordogni, recently brought out by Novello, Ewer and Co., will be found useful for mezzo-soprano voices. They are edited by Signor Randegger, who has added marks of expression and phrasing in his usual careful manner. From the same firm we have a bright and tuneful cantata for female voices by Ethel M. Boyce, entitled "The Sands of Corriemie," and a nice little humorous cantata for children, "The Waits of Bremen," in which Bertram Luard Selby has written the music and Shapcott Wensley the verses. The pianoforte solos include a "Valse Gracieuse" by Edward German, a charming piece of moderate difficulty arranged also as a duet, and an easy and effective "Graceful Dance" by J. L. Roeckel. To violinists we recommend a "Rondo" in B minor, and "Twelve Saloon Duets" by Spohr, which are only suitable, however, for advanced performers. More

by J. Stainer, it is needless to dilate. The book contains instructions and exercises in voice-training, to be used at rehearsals, and these should go a long way towards



THE NEW FORT AND BRITISH RESIDENCY AT COOMASSIE.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOIA: "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Spings Wright.

Our drawing represents a night scene in the camp of a hundred friendly Arabs of the Fuggara tribe, who marched up the left bank of the Nile and encamped opposite Wady Halfa. The camp was pitched with ten fires, ten men to each fire, with their saddles and cooking utensils around and their rifles piled. These Arabs are well armed by the Government with the old pattern Remington rifle.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Any manager of a well-appointed theatre could tell one of the numberless properties—apart from scenery, dresses, and furniture—that have to be devised, designed, and made for every fresh revival of a piece. In spite of the utmost care, a good many of the old adjuncts get mislaid. A coronation is only a magnificent stage pageant in the endless real drama of history; the dresses are more costly than, though not always so artistically beautiful and striking as, those worn behind the footlights, albeit that these latter dresses, in our days, are costly enough; the jewels are genuine, instead of cleverly composed paste; the furniture is more solid; the scenery is centuries old, instead of having been manufactured and set for the occasion.

Hundreds of the smaller properties, used for every coronation, likewise disappear. They are either lost, abstracted and sold to collectors of historical relics, or else revert by right to some of the higher Court officials. Shortly before the Jubilee of '87 I began an investigation with regard to some of the less important adjuncts used during the coronation of Queen Victoria. My inquiries were interrupted by a call to county Clare, where the Bodyke evictions were in full swing. I returned a few days before the eventful day, but too late to resume and complete my observations in time for publication. The Queen has expressed her intention of having another Jubilee next year; if I live till then, I will endeavour to enlighten the reader on the subject.

But though some of the unconsidered trifles vanish beyond recovery, there is, I believe, only one instance in history of the coronation robes, the crown, and part of the regalia being lost, and this instance is in connection with the coronation of Napoleon I. They disappeared for ever in, about, or during the retreat from the city in which Nicholas II. crowned himself a few days ago.

I think it was at the very beginning of the Second Empire that the "Musée des Souverains" was instituted. As a matter of course, the curators of the different collections in the Louvre left no stone unturned to bring to light the relics of the past connected with the then newly restored Empire. In spite of all their efforts they did not succeed in discovering the essential parts of the historical dress worn by Napoleon on Dec. 2, 1804. The ordinary uniform worn after his return from Notre Dame on that day had been integrally preserved, but the magnificent purple velvet mantle, bespangled with golden bees and embroidered with olive, laurel, and oak branches in massive gold, and lined with ermine, the white satin cothurni embroidered and fastened with laces in gold, the sceptre and the sword of justice held by the new Emperor, the golden laurel crown which he took from the altar and placed on his head with his own hand were, or seemed, irretrievably lost. The only parts of the dress that were brought to light were the white satin tunic worn under the cloak and the baldric that held the Court sword.

And yet there was one man who could have told the authorities to cease their inquiries, for he knew, or at any rate strongly suspected, them to be absolutely fruitless. This man was M. de Tracy, an ex-Colonel in the Imperial Guard, who subsequently became one of the most important political figures during the Restoration and the Citizen Monarchy, and who held a foremost position in one of the Ministries of the Second Republic.

But M. de Tracy appears to have kept his secret for another ten years, when he communicated it to one of his faithful friends, M. A. de Ségur, who, in his turn and for reasons emphatically his own, never divulged it until nine years ago. The story as told by M. de Ségur was as follows: During the march from Wilna to Witepsk, in the course of July 1812, the road in front was completely blocked up by a column of fourgons, stopped in their progress by one of those deep ravines so often found in the Russian plains. One of these fourgons, larger and handsomer than the rest, and displaying the imperial arms, was escorted by a troop of cavalry, and M. de Tracy, whose curiosity was aroused, entered into conversation with the officer in command and asked him what the conveyance contained.

"It is a secret," replied his interlocutor, in a low voice; "nevertheless, I have managed to get at the bottom of it by drawing out one of the guards wearing the imperial livery. I might leave you to guess from now till Doomsday and you would never be the wiser. The fourgon contains, among other things, the dress and ornaments worn by the Emperor on the occasion of his coronation."

Though a little wiser than before, M. de Tracy was still in the dark as to the motives that had prompted Napoleon to bring this historical costume all the way from Paris. The reason was only revealed to him during the Hundred Days, and by no less a personage than the favourite sister of Napoleon, Princess Pauline Borghese.

Napoleon simply intended to don the dress once more. He had made up his mind that, after signing a treaty of peace at Moscow, the Kremlin should witness a ceremony like that enacted in January 1871 in the Salle des Glaces at Versailles. In other words, he intended to have himself proclaimed "Emperor of the West, Chief of the European Confederation, and Defender of the Christian Faith."

"The fourgon," added M. de Tracy, "was probably pillaged or burnt by the Cossacks, like so many others, during the retreat." "It is a noteworthy fact," says another informant, "that whenever one has occasion to consult the manuscript documents connected with the campaign of 1812 which are preserved in the national archives, the invariable superscription of each portfolio is couched in terms as follows: 'The documents that are missing have been burned by order of the Emperor during the campaign.' This would seem as if Napoleon had been afraid to reveal the whole of the thoughts that led him to the disastrous expedition which was virtually the prologue to his downfall."

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C E NOLTEUS (Brooklyn).—Many thanks for your cordial and interesting letter, from which we quote below. Problems of the chess you mention are more suitable for the regular chess magazines than for this column. Of the two positions sent we prefer the one with fewer pieces, although, if you wish, we will accept both.

J M K LUTON.—Solutions and problems received with thanks. The former we acknowledge before.

Mrs ROWLAND.—Thanks for your letter and enclosed problem. We do not quite understand, however, who is excluded from the terms "Englishman or foreigner."

F PROCTOR (Colchester).—Your problem is still faulty; 1. R to K 8th yields another solution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2714 received from C A M (Penang) and Khandekar (Ajmere); of No. 2715 from A P (St. John, N.B.) and Khandekar (Ajmere); of No. 2716 from Khandekar (Ajmere); of No. 2717 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2719 from C C Massey, E P Vulliamy, Otto Schmid (Zurich), E G Boys, II II (Peterborough), and Matfield; of No. 2720 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Roberts, E G Boys, H Le Jeune, F Leete (Sudbury), G C Baxter, Oliver Leingla, F R Barratt (Northampton), J Bailey (Newark), C W Smith (Stroud), R H Brooks, James Lloyd, E Loudon, H S Brandreth (Salzburg), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and Joseph T Pullen (Exeter).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2721 received from Alpha, F Anderson, W R B (Clifton), J Hall, H S Brandreth, T Roberts, B Copland (Chelmsford), R H Brooks, Frank Proctor, Shadforth, T Chown, F Waller (Luton), J D Tucker (Leeds), E P Vulliamy, Bluet, J H Downes, J Coad, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), C E Perugini, J S Wesley (Exeter), Captain Spencer, Sorrento, E Loudon, G T Hughes (Athy), Dr F St, H T Atterbury, Samuel G Sharpe, F Leete (Sudbury), James Lloyd (St John's Wood), R Worters (Canterbury), F James (Wolverhampton), J F Moon, C R H (Green Lanes), R Congo Phillips, S Davis (Leicester), T G Elliott (Brixton), Ubique, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Dawn, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R Baillem, J Sowden, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), L Desanges, J W Bilbrough (Ben Rhydding), and T H Macfarlane (Aberdeen).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2720.—By JOSE PALUZIE.

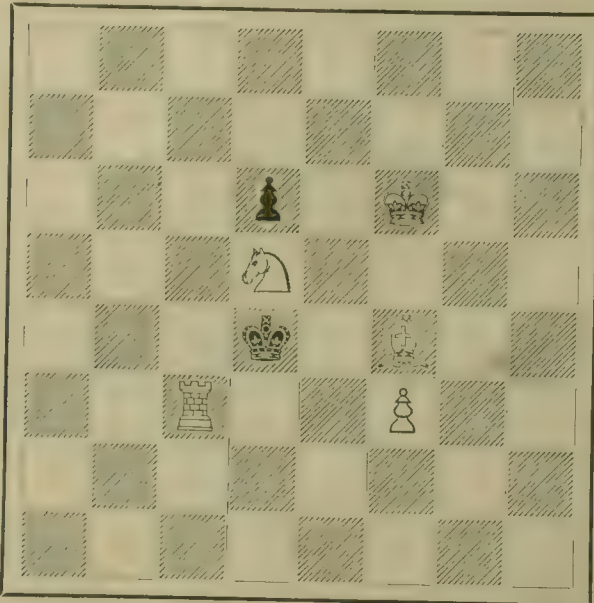
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K R 7th. K to Q 4th
2. Kt to B 6th (ch). K takes Kt
3. Q to Q 7th. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to B 7th (ch); if 1. B takes P, 2. Q to Kt 7th; if 1. B takes R, 2. P to K 7th (dis ch).

PROBLEM No. 2723.

By SIGNOR ASPA.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PERU.

Game played at Lima between the PHOENIX and NATIONAL CLUBS.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Phoenix). BLACK (National).
1. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
2. P to Q B 4th. P to K 3rd.
3. Kt to Q B 3rd. Kt to K B 3rd.
4. B to B 4th. P to Q B 4th.
5. P to K 3rd. P takes Q P.
6. K P takes P. P takes B P.
7. B takes P. Q Kt to Q 2nd.

This we consider weak. B to K 2nd should have been played.

And now White might have played Kt to Kt 5th; if Q to K 4th (ch), K to B sq. Kt to Q 4th. B to Q 2nd, followed by Q to K 2nd, with an excellent position.

8. B to Q 3rd. Kt to Kt 3rd.
9. Castles. B to K 2nd.
10. Castles. K Kt to Q 4th.
11. B to K 5th. Castles.
12. Q to B 2nd. P to B 4th.
13. P to Q R 3rd. B to Q 2nd.
14. Q R to B sq. Q R to B sq.
15. Q to Q 2nd. Q to K sq.
16. Kt takes Kt. Kt takes Kt.
17. R takes R. Q takes R.
18. R to Q B sq. Q to K sq.
19. B to Q B 4th. B to Q B 3rd.

The following problem, by Mr. T. B. Rowland, was awarded first prize in the recently concluded problem tourney of the *Weekly Irish Times*—
"White: K at Q Kt 3rd, Q at K Kt 3rd, Kts at K Kt 5th and Q R 6th, B at K B 8th, P at Q B 2nd.

Black: K at Q 5th, Kts at Q 3rd and K B 5th, Ps at K B 4th, K 6th, and Q B 3rd.—White to play and mate in two moves.

Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Nolteus, we have much pleasure in being enabled to quote the following paragraph and chess problem from the Wanganui (New Zealand) A J. "It is just fifty years since Mr. J. C. Roll published his first chess problem in *The Illustrated London News*, and his production was at that time much appreciated by problemists. Fifty years afterwards Mr. Roll kindly favours A J with a contribution to celebrate his jubilee as a problem composer.

"White: K at K 6th, Q at K Kt 6th, Rs at K R 3rd and Q R 2nd, Kts at Q B 5th and Q 8th, B at Q R 7th, Ps at K R 4th and K B 6th.

"Black: K at K 8th, Q at K R 8th, R at Q Kt sq. B at Q R sq. Ps at K R 2nd and K 7th.—White to play and mate in two moves."

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

ABROAD.

THICK EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 16s. 4d.
Six months, 17s. 4d. Christmas Half-Year, 19s. 0d.
Three months, 8s. 8d. Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 12s. 0d.
Six months, 13s. 2d. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 10d.
Three months, 7s. 7d. Christmas Quarter, 9s. 3d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent makes the suggestion that, as the holiday season is upon us, a few hints regarding health-resorts might be not only seasonable in character but prove highly useful to persons in search of a change of scene by way of rest and recruiting. I do not know that I can fully carry out the requirements of my correspondent in this column. To do so would entail the devotion to the topic he broaches of a very large amount of space week by week; but in the present instance it may be permissible to point out very generally the characteristics which mark out certain resorts as compared with the influences exerted upon us by other places. Dealing with general principles only for the nonce, then, we may assert that, regarding sea-air and mountain-air, representing two principal varieties of locale, the former is better suited for the majority of people than the latter. For people who may not be over-strong, or who are very susceptible to weather-changes, the sea's the thing; and certainly as applied to the wants of elderly folks, this remark holds good. The reason for this preference for sea-air is that the changes of temperature by the sea are less sudden and less disturbing than are experienced inland.

All sea-atmospheres, however, are not alike. Speaking generally, once again, we may hold that the west and south-west coasts are relaxing as compared with the eastern and northern coast-lines. Thus, the air of Penzance and Torquay—to select two well-known resorts—is of moist and relaxing nature, and admirably suited to people who suffer from anything in the way of irritable throats, lungs, and the like; while a resort like Margate, Cromer, or Scarborough is, on the whole, bracing and stimulant. It is said that at Brighton, Kemp Town is found decidedly more bracing than the other parts of the town; and this, I presume, results from its altitude. I think at Scarborough one may find an equally striking illustration of the difference between two localities of one and the same town. Thus, the South Cliff or south side of Scarborough is much less bracing in a way than the north side. I have known of summer days in Scarborough when the south side was almost unbearable on account of the heat, and when the north aspect was delightfully cool and bracing. There is, of course, a different exposure here, and the northerly breezes which come over the German Ocean seem to strike the north cliff especially, and make its summer temperature of the most charming description.

In Scotland the same rule applies as in England. The western Clyde resorts are relaxing when compared with the eastern ones, such as North Berwick, Dunbar, Carnoustie, and the Fife shire coasts. St. Andrews is also on the bracing side, of course, but in some respects, I am told, it resembles Scarborough in that it presents a selection of bracing and less bracing situations respectively. I have never felt surprised that a place like Scarborough should have become so popular with all classes of the community as a resort. It is anything but a dull place, and *ennui*, which vexes the soul of many a man and woman at a holiday resort, is not a likely complaint to attack any reasonable being in residence there. At the same time it is not a rowdy place, to quote the familiar expression, for the day-tripper has a habit of finding his way to a special part of the beach, and is scarcely in evidence at all in the town save on his journeys to and from the railway. Again, Scarborough is most easy of access, thanks to the excellent arrangements of the North-Eastern Railway, which, in conjunction with lines in connection, has organised through trains from all parts. I should be inclined to advise my readers who desire an agreeable change to a bracing place to give this northern resort a trial; and, with lovely scenery within easy call, with quaint Whitby close by, and many a pretty Yorkshire bit within half a day's excursion, the leisure time of summer might be spent in a thousand less satisfactory and far more costly ways.

"Mountain-air" is, of course, a variable term. It may mean anything, from a few hundred feet of altitude to the height of, say, the Engadine. Here we find conditions mostly applicable, as a rule, to those in robust health. The air has, of course, a decreased density, and it has a lower temperature than that of the sea, while it is less equable than the air of marine resorts. The mountain atmosphere is also of a dryer character. An authority has laid down a very useful general rule to the effect that those who holiday in mountain air should be people who are capable of taking a fair amount of muscular exercise. This latter point is enforced by the consideration that it is those of active temperament, accustomed to walking or climbing, who alone may expect to escape the risk of chills. The person who wants absolute rest and recuperation will fare better by the sea. Beyond this rule, I fancy, anything which might be said would only be a matter of special application, and as such be unsuited for the more purely general considerations with which I am dealing.

Holidaying as a topic suggests another consideration of some physiological importance. Travelling is often credited—and especially frequent travelling, ranging from cycle-rides to railway journeys—with producing results which are the opposite of hygienic in their character. The jarring and vibration are said to cause injurious effects, which counteract much of the good we otherwise experience from our holiday trips. Recent researches seem to be opposed to this view of things. The vibration is regarded as having little or no appreciable effect. The tired feeling arises rather from the absorption into the system of fatigue-products—that is, the products of bodily wear and tear—and to counteract this latter result, I should say fresh air and rest are alone needful. Besides, is vibration—say in railway travelling—so great nowadays that it need be seriously considered? I think not. Where can you glide more smoothly along than in one of the Great Northern Railway's dining-salons, for instance; or than in one of the long carriages of their corridor trains? I have been specially struck with the absolute ease and smoothness of these trains, exceeding anything found on other lines, and testifying to the high level to which the construction of the rolling-stock has attained.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

To a credulous age which believes in physical science I "keep a-hollering and a-bellering" that scientific minds are not *ce qu'un vain peuple pense*. "Other people think they are the salt of the earth; we know we are the salt of the earth," said a genial F.R.S. in a recent after-dinner speech. My own ears heard his delightful banter. But if the salt has lost its savour?

Let us take Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who is doubly famous as a great original discoverer and as one who, when his discovery was coincidentally made by Mr. Darwin, set an example of beautiful conduct. Dr. Wallace has recently given his theory of Mr. Stead's "double," the lady who was simultaneously in bed in Bayswater and in a chapel at a place some seven miles distant. Dr. Wallace believes (and so do I) that the lady was in chapel, and was *not* in bed, on that weird Sabbath evening. But Dr. Wallace supposes that the lady "was conveyed by her guides"—spooks—like another lady by the name of Guppy, long ago! Now, is it more probable that witnesses made a mistake of some half an hour or less in reckoning time, or that "guides" translated a woman (like the angels with St. Katharine) for a distance of seven miles, back and forward? We know the alibi in a late case of a jewel robbery by a woman: the alibi did not hold water in a court of justice. In this "double" business the lady, says Dr. Wallace, "was believed by all to be asleep in bed from about 6.30 to 9.0." She was seen in church at 7.5. Now *if*, instead of thirty-five minutes (6.30-7.5) we allow fifty minutes, she might have covered the distance between bed and church by cab and train. On Hume's theory, certain witnesses who have not been cross-examined in court are more likely to have been twenty minutes out in their reckoning than a woman is likely to have been abnormally conveyed through the air by "guides." The alibi would not hold good, I think, if it were a question of a crime. The lady would need to be confronted with the railway people; cabmen would be hunted for who might have driven her; the witnesses would be cross-examined in court on oath. Science and common sense alike assure us that, at least till all these measures are taken, the obvious presumption is that the lady went to church and came back by normal means—perhaps in a state of somnambulism. But Dr. Wallace prefers the hypothesis of "guides," based on the adventure of Mrs. Guppy. Can anybody call his frame of mind scientific? The salt hath lost its savour.

The art of printing seems to be decadent, or "proof-readers" are not what they should be. The proof-reader is a functionary to whom all scribbling men owe respect and gratitude. An author gets tired to death of reading his own work five or six times over. His eyes and mind are so familiar with the page that he passes blunders in figures, punctuation and spelling—even in facts. Then the proof-reader comes to his aid: often he is a better scholar than the author, and corrects his Greek accents or Latin citations. I cannot say how much I have owed to the care of these gentlemen.

But either proof-readers nod at times or are not employed. In American printing houses, or some of them, egregious faults are permitted to pass uncorrected. In "Q's" entertaining "Adventures in Criticism" he banters "the local compositor" on making a mess of Latin. And a pretty mess there is in "Q's" quotation from the best known lines in Virgil in a note on "J. K. S."! Where was the proof-reader? Again, Madame Darmesteter's interesting translation of her husband's "English Essays" shows signs of a slumbrous or absent proof-reader in a very painful degree. One Greek word has a hopelessly impossible accent, and there are sad examples in the English.

Probably the ruin of accurate printing is type-written copy. For my own "hand of write" I have, since early boyhood, lived in a state of apologetic repentance. It is an awful hand indeed, and has been publicly castigated by a contemporary satirist. I cannot help it: I could not learn to write. But the point is that my detested scrawl is always much more accurately printed than the same hand after it has been clearly type-written and after the type-written copy has been assiduously corrected. Is type-written copy handed

over to babes in the art of Gutenberg, or is it that the apparent ease of reading type-written copy begets a careless habit in the setter-up of the types? One or other of these explanations is probably correct. The fact remains that good type-written copy is worse printed from than bad manuscript.

In the pleasant miscellaneous volume just cited, "Q"



Photo Adèle, Vienna.
THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND,
Heir-Presumptive to the Throne of Austria.
Born 1863.



Photo Pletzner, Vienna.
THE ARCHDUKE OTTO,
Brother of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.
Born 1865.

asks why the Scotch make so much more fuss over Burns than over Sir Walter, in whose honour *he* would rather "tund the drum" of praise. The answer is very easy. Burns is more Scotch than Scott. Few read Burns's English pieces. He is more sentimental, personal, gushing. He writes more about whisky, the lasses, the big Ha' Bible. Again, Burns, like Béranger and Villon, is *vilain et très vilain*. He is democratic; Scott is the reverse. Above all, you need to *read* Scott, whereas Burns is known through being sung. His is an oral reputation, as that of Homer was of old. The natural man simply detests the art of reading, but everyone can listen to "Auld Lang Syne," or "A Man's a Man for a' that," or

Nobody in his senses will say that Scott is as great a poet as Burns; Scott himself scorned the flattering suggestion. The novels of the one man cannot be compared with the lyrics of the other as better or worse; they are "not in the same matter." But the Scotch are more enthusiastic about Burns, *not* because he is the greater artist, but because he is more one of themselves—more *peuple*, more personal, more sentimental, more local than Sir Walter; and also because he is known less in printed books than in convivial and amorous ditties. *Volat vivit per ora virum*—as the old minstrels did and the ballad-singers. That is the humour of it. Keats, of course, preferred Burns for other reasons: first, because his political set hated Scott as a Tory; next, and most, because Burns at his best is in verse the greater artist. But that is not the reason why the Scotch public at large let all their enthusiasm loose on Burns, forget Fergusson, never read Hogg, and have scarcely heard of Dunbar. The reasons are those I have stated; there is no mystery about the matter.

AUSTRIAN HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

The prospects of the succession to the throne of Austria have not been materially altered by the lamented death of the Archduke Charles Louis, for though he was by official courtesy described as heir-presumptive, he had in reality renounced his right of succession in favour of his eldest son, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Este. The tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolf without male issue left the succession to the Archduke Charles Louis and his sons, but the Archduke had but rarely taken any part in politics, and felt himself unfitted for the imperial office. He therefore soon afterwards made over his claim to his son.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who has thus for some time been to all intents and purposes heir-presumptive to the Austrian crown, is thirty-three years of age, and is a son of the late Archduke's second marriage, to Princess Maria Annunciata, daughter of King Ferdinand II. of Naples. He is, sad to say, a sufferer from lung trouble of a serious character. As he is unmarried, the next in succession is his brother, the Archduke Otto, who has as yet taken little part in public life, being chiefly interested in sport. Archduke Otto is married, and has a youthful son, Archduke Karl, who seems likely, out of the tragic fortunes of his house, to come to the throne in the future.

MADAME SCHUMANN.

After a long and honourable career, touched by romance in its beginning and crowned with esteem at its end, Madame Schumann, the eminent pianist, died on Wednesday, May 20, at Frankfort. It is ten years since London last received her as a guest, and crowded audiences hailed her fine playing with enthusiasm. All the charming characteristics of her style and manner were then evident. And her playing was wonderful; you forgot that Madame Schumann was nearing her seventieth birthday, and only remembered the splendidly correct rendering which she gave to all the pieces she played. Since 1886 we have not heard Madame Schumann in London, for ill-health has prevented her visits. She received various pupils, to whom much of her method has been imparted, noticeably in the cases of Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Leonard Borwick, in whose success she was deeply interested. On the fiftieth anniversary of her début at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Madame Schumann played to a rapturous audience, few of whom could have recalled the little twelve-year-old Clara Wieck, who had half a century before made her appearance there. She was born on Sept. 13, 1819, the daughter of Friedrich Wieck, a musician who lived at Leipzig. He was her first tutor, and she played in public at the age of ten. As a child prodigy she speedily became famous, and was engaged to play in the chief European capitals. When she was eighteen she fell in love with Robert Schumann, then attracting notice as a composer. After steady opposition from her father and three stressful years, which marked Schumann's work as well as his life, Clara Wieck and he were married in 1840. In the sixteen years which followed he impressed his personality upon her playing, and



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE MADAME SCHUMANN.

"The Church and State to Hell may gang, But I'll gang to my Anna." Burns can be "taken in through the pores," as it were; Scott must be read. I do not believe that Burns is more read than Scott—probably he is not read so much. But people who read are not people who roar at Burns dinners, whereon the sun never sets.

Beethoven shared the throne with Chopin and other composers. The works of her distinguished husband she played with all the insight that was aided by affection, and especially was this the case after his death in 1856. The tragedy of his later days needs no recalling. The home was shifted to Berlin, and later to Wiesbaden and Frankfort; and at the last-named place the devoted widow of Schumann died.



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—A FALSE ALARM IN BULUWAYO: TOWNSPEOPLE RUSHING INTO LAAGER.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE YACHTING SEASON: FITTING OUT A RACER.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I wish it were possible to buy an expression to harmonise with our clothes—it seems so wrong to look miserable in muslin or depressed in delaine; while frivolity should unquestionably accompany foulard, beatitude should beam from the face when arrayed in batiste, and, indeed, all



A CRÈPE DE CHINE EVENING DRESS.

summer fabrics should be worn with smiles. I am forced to the above seemingly somewhat idiotic observations by the contemplation of the faces of the women in the Park daily. They mostly assume an air of intense dejection, which accords ill with the light cheeriness of their gowns and hats. When you wear a tulie hat and a chiffon bodice you should try to live up to their airiness; and to lean back in your carriage with a woebegone air is, to say the least of it, not doing your duty to your dressmaker. I suppose really the anxiety depicted on the countenances of the woman fashionable while she takes her daily drive is caused merely by her desire to observe that no other woman looks nicer than she does, or, maybe, she is only weighed down by the thought of the many balls and receptions she has to attend in the evening. But I would like to impress upon the minds of my sorrowing sisters to try and conceal their unhappiness while they are submitted to the public eye. It is not just to wear a white canvas skirt and a mousseline de soie bodice decked with lace motifs, crowned with a tuscan hat trimmed with white feathers, with melancholy marking for its own their every feature. It is bad enough to see the bicyclist looking wretched in the mornings, but surely in the afternoons we may be reminded in the words more or less of Swinburne that even the weariest season winds somewhere safe to the sea.

And talking of the sea reminds me of the country and that I have just wandered from its delights. I snatched a week at The Hall, Bushey, Herts, a delightful place, where the Turkish bath is a residing joy, and where we bicycled on roads evidently especially created for the benefit of the wheeler. Several costumes are necessary for the bicyclist for summer—she cannot go through her existence during the warm months of the year with one serge skirt or even one tweed skirt; something light is essential to her wardrobe. A thick white cloth with a narrow black stripe in it is at the moment my ideal fabric for such frocks, and a coat to match is certainly an attractive possession, although not essential, for it is rarely necessary to wear a jacket now; the shirt is much more comfortable and sufficiently becoming if made on the plainest lines. A white piqué shirt with turn-down linen collars and cuffs needs a very powerful rival, and looks its best when made quite tight-fitting with three box-pleats at the back and the front. The same model, as I have previously explained, may be successfully made in brown holland or in Oxford shirting—the finer fabrics, however attractive, being not really suited to bicycling. The white flannel shirt cannot be expected to last clean more than a week, if worn daily, and the extravagant woman may also supply herself with a skirt of that grey flannel which men wear to make their boating trousers—this is sufficiently heavy to dispense with lining—a great advantage in skirts for summer wear, especially those of light hue; which have to pay occasional visits to the cleaner.

I observe that we are threatened with a revival of blonde lace, by no means a welcome revival, for we have considerably improved in the art of lace-making since we last took this to our hearts in the good old days of the

early thirties; however, blonde always seems to make its appearance with fichus and flounces, and these are both very much *en évidence* in the modes which are marked “the new.” The silk grass-lawn dress, made with a fichu frilled with lace, with the skirt flounced and a deep corselet of green and white glacé silk crowned with a Panama hat decked with pale green glacé ribbon and a green osprey, is at the moment a costume worthy of consideration for Ascot. But alas! one costume does not make an Ascot wardrobe, even as one swallow does not make a summer: we want at least four dresses for Ascot—one to be of a frivolous type, another of tailor-made simplicity, a third of black crêpe de Chine with fichu of cream-coloured net and embroidery, and a fourth of chiné silk and chiffon. And then, when we have secured all these luxuries, we shall no doubt realise that the next woman we meet looks quite as nice as we do, if not nicer—alas for the rarity of an appreciation of our own clothes when we have got them! We all love them greatly while we are ordering them, but if ever that melancholy proverb could have been written down as bearing the least semblance to truth, of costume may it be observed that realisation is the grave of anticipation. But now let me get to details of those Ascot frocks.

The grass-lawn dress is settled. The tailor-made coat and skirt, were I personally its purchaser, would be of a light grey chevot, belted with white kid, with a white lawn shirt hand-embroidered, and would be crowned by a Panama hat with rather a high crown, trimmed with two bands of black velvet ribbon and a group of the new quills, which are extremely beautiful, and plucked Heaven and the milliners alone know whence! I confess myself ignorant, but their chief charm lies in their soft curl, which betrays that they emanate not from the wing of the barn-door fowl. At the back of this Panama hat I would have a group of black velvet ribbons or a bunch of deep red roses; then I would complete the costume with one of the best veils that Paris could supply, made of black with infinitesimal spots of white upon it, and I would risk the criticism of the most captious.

The black crêpe de Chine dress may be permitted to have three tiny frills of Valenciennes lace on the extreme hem, the bodice draped round the figure with revers in the front and a large collar and fichu of cream-spotted net edged with lawn embroidery, edged again with Valenciennes lace. The hat to this should be of tan-coloured chip lined with white chip, trimmed with a piece of old lace round the crown, and a group of black feathers at one side.

The fourth gown, and this is, perhaps, the most commonplace, should have a skirt of chiné silk with stripes of flowers alternating with black satin stripes, and a bodice and sleeves made of cream chiffon set into frills and edged with Valenciennes lace, and over this would be worn a bolero of the chiné silk hanging in a box pleat over each shoulder. The tan-coloured chip hat lined with white, trimmed with black feathers, might be worn with this; and such possessions would need supplementing by a dust-cloak of shot silk in mauve and blue, with a yellow lace corselet, and frilled over sleeves; while should the hostess of the house party we propose to grace be of an amenable disposition, she may be persuaded to the general wear of the evening tea-gown—and that way comfort lies. But the tea-gown must be superior—for instance, made of white satin, lined with blue satin, with some old lace to form a collar or fichu; or made of a pale green brocade patterned with mauve lilac with a front of mauve crêpe de Chine. Crêpe de Chine is the immediate idol of my moment, its every fold gives me pleasure. In a light pavement grey it makes an exquisite tea-gown, in combination with pale yellow lace, spotted net, and just a band of rose and white glacé silk fastened at one side with a bunch of Neapolitan violets. In black it makes that evening dress sketched, which has one side of the skirt embroidered in fine jet beads, silver beads, and diamonds; while the fichu of pale cream net, bordered with old lace, which is draped round the bodice, hanging gracefully to the hem, is caught up on one shoulder with a bunch of Shirley poppies. The other illustration shows a gown of dark red woollen canvas, bordered with galon of Oriental hues, and displaying panels, yoke, puffs, and basque of embroidered grass-lawn.

White gloves appear almost indispensable to our costumes, gloves of a pale yellow being the only alternative. Pale-yellow gloves are rather novelties this year, or, at least, they pass for such in a world where we are determined to imagine that there is nothing new under the sun, a proverb, again, which, no doubt, the spectacle of pretty women in pretty clothes under the sun at Ascot should do something to disprove.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. M.—Indeed, I wish I could help you, but I am afraid it will be impossible. There is little or no demand for that white needlework, and there are hundreds of ladies in London trying vainly to make a living by knitting babies' socks. It is really one of the greatest troubles of my position to discover that I am unable to give assistance where I should so much like to give it. If you would kindly send me your address, I should be much obliged to you; then I could return the pieces you send me, and I would register it in case any chance arose by which I could be of use to you.

MAY.—The Irish manufacturers I mentioned were Hamilton and Co., of the White House, Portrush. You have only to write to them for patterns. Their tweeds are really good I can tell you from personal experience.

STASA.—My dear child, have you any special talent for the profession you propose to adopt? and have you no friends in the world who can advise you to some better employment? I believe an excellent school for beginners is the company of Miss Sarah Thorne at Margate, but I have not the slightest idea what qualifications are necessary before she would let you join her. You might write to her direct on the subject.

BAND-BOX.—Personally I like the wood-fibre boxes in brown, bound with leather, to be found at Drew's, in Piccadilly. I always use these myself, they are light to carry, and one I have had in constant use for some months looks quite new. I can sympathise with you in your troubles with the accordion-kitted chiffon, but then it is the most becoming stuff ever invented.

GEISHA.—The best instructor of bicycling I know is Mr. Stanton, who stands at the gate of the Botanical Gardens. He has really achieved success with the most hopeless beginners, and if you go to him and mention my name, I promise you he will give you his personal attention.

MORNINGTON.—A dressmaker who will take your material is Mrs. Morley, 49, South Molton Street, and she makes very well. Utilise that piece of brocade for a tea-gown with a front of spotted écar net tied with ribbons. My sincere thanks for your amiable appreciation. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Mrs. Julie Salis Schwabe, who was buried on May 28 at Naples amid an extraordinary demonstration of public respect, was one of the greatest philanthropists of the generation that is now passing away, though it is extremely probable (because of her self-effacement) that the majority of my readers never heard her name before. She was a German by birth, but the wife of a Manchester merchant, living the greater part of her life in England, while her principal work was done in Italy, though her philanthropy was cosmopolitan in its range.

Not long after their marriage, when Mrs. Schwabe was about twenty-five, they made a long European tour in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cobden—Mr. Schwabe having been one of the most generous of the Manchester supporters of the Free Trade movement. Next after the Cobdens, Baron and Baroness Bunsen were her great friends. She was deeply interested and shared in “the apostolic efforts in the cause of education,” as John Stuart Mill described them, of the late William Ellis, who founded, at his own cost, a number of elementary schools in England, upon which he spent about a quarter of a million. In her later days Mrs. Schwabe became intimately and sympathetically known to the Empress Frederick. During the last few years she has given very great financial support to the Maria Grey Training College for mistresses of middle-class schools.

Her own individual great work was the establishment of popular education in Naples, between twenty and thirty years ago, in the teeth of the opposition of the priests. As soon as the success of the fight for Italian independence permitted, Garibaldi issued an appeal to the Italian women to make an effort to elevate the moral and intellectual state of the poor and ignorant population of Italy by establishing elementary schools in their midst. Mrs. Schwabe responded to this appeal by becoming the representative of the mission in England and Germany, and succeeded in collecting 50,000*l.* She then personally undertook to establish at Naples, in 1861, an elementary school for girls, over which she placed an English mistress. The story of the obstacles which were thrown in her way, and of the antagonism, sometimes open, and sometimes concealed, of the priesthood, cannot be here fully told. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Schwabe continued her work through all that uncertain period when the power of the priests was slowly crumbling away, until only a year or two ago her school, thoroughly successful, was taken over by the Government.

Messrs. Cozenza, of Wigmore Street, who have supplied the British housewife aforetime with many a novel cooking utensil and culinary device, have introduced a real boon in “Maggi's Consommé and French Soups.” These are condensed preparations, the former making a



A CANVAS COSTUME.

clear soup that really tastes like meat, and the others being ready-flavoured thick soups. The “consommé” is in gelatine capsules, and requires absolutely nothing but dissolving in water to be ready for use; it does not taste like an “extract,” but like a genuine clear meat soup. The “potages” are in solidified cakes that are crumbled, mixed to a paste with cold water, and then boiled for twenty minutes. There are over thirty varieties: I have personally tried the “Bonne Femme” (peas and haricots) and the “Riz Julienne,” and can certify that no person could tell them from purées or thick soups prepared with the ordinary expenditure of time, fire, and labour. Messrs. Cozenza will send a list of the soups on application, but any good grocer will get them to order. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: THE METROPOLITAN ANOINTING THE EMPEROR WITH THE HOLY CHRISM.

Drawn by our Special Artist in Moscow.

After the ceremony of Coronation the first part of the Communion Service was celebrated. The Emperor was then summoned by two Archpriests to his Anointing, and advanced to the steps of the High Altar. There the Metropolitan anointed his Majesty with the Holy Oil on the forehead, eyes, nostrils, mouth, ears, breast, and hands, saying, "The Seal of the Gift of the Holy Spirit." The completion of the rite was proclaimed by a peal of bells and a salute of 101 guns. The Empress then advanced and was anointed in like manner, but on the forehead only.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 8, 1895) of Mr. Edwin Henry King, of 43, Princes Gardens, who died on April 14 at Monte Carlo, was proved on May 22 by Henry Alexander Budden, Alexander Sang, and Thomas William Bischoff, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £656,135. The testator gives his residence, 43, Princes Gardens, and the stable, and the Villa Gloriette at Monte Carlo, with the goods, chattels, and effects at both places (except money and securities for money) to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth King; his leasehold house, Christwell, Lower Norwood, with the goods, chattels, and effects (except money and securities for money) to his niece, Julia Bestie; his freehold house in Brunswick Square, Brighton, and the stables, with the goods, chattels, and effects (except money and securities for money) to Eliza Conchita Belas; £1000 each to his executors; and legacies to his coachman, housekeeper, butler and other indoor and outdoor servants. He bequeaths, so long as his wife shall live and remain his widow, £4000 per annum to his wife; £2000 per annum to the said Eliza Conchita Belas; £900 per annum to his said niece Julia Bestie; £600 per annum to his niece Elizabeth Adelaide von Malachowska; £400 per annum each to his nephews and nieces, George Bestie, Alexander Bestie, Matilda Bestie, and Agnes Wisdom; £300 per annum to his sister, Caroline Mary King; £300 per annum each to his nieces, Hilda Skelton, Katie Budden, Aimée Budden, Emma Coristino, and Agnes Cockburn; £300 per annum, upon trust, for the children of Hastings Budden; £200 per annum to Leonora K. Mason; £150 per annum to Henry Alexander Budden; and £100 per annum each to Emma Heber Lunn, Mary Laviecount, Caroline Hamilton, and Teresa Beatson; and on the death of his wife, or in the event of her marrying again, £30,000 to his wife; £68,000 to Eliza Conchita Belas; £30,000 to his niece Julia Bestie; £20,000 to his niece, Elizabeth Adelaide von Malachowska; £15,000 each to his nephews and nieces, George Bestie, Alexander Bestie, Matilda Bestie, and Agnes Wisdom; £10,000 to his sister Caroline Mary King; £10,000 each to his nieces, Hilda Skelton, Katie Budden, Aimée Budden, Emma Coristino, and Agnes

Cockburn; £10,000, upon trust, for the children of Hastings Budden; £7000 to Leonora K. Mason; £5000 to Henry Alexander Budden; and £4000 each to Emma Heber Lunn, Mary Laviecount, Caroline Hamilton, and Teresa Beatson. After payment in full of the before-mentioned legacies, the testator directs his executors to pay out of his residuary personal estate £5000 to the Ladies' Benevolent Society at Montreal; £10,000 to the McGill University at Montreal; £20,000 to the Montreal General Hospital; and £10,000 to the Sussex County Hospital at Brighton. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife and the said Julia Bestie and Eliza Conchita Belas; and the residue of his real estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 7, 1887) of Mr. Henry Townshend, J.P., of Caldecote Hall, Warwick, chairman of Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited, who died on March 3, was proved on May 19 by Harry Leigh Townshend and Gerard Paul Townshend, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £610,489. The testator gives £3000, and £5000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Jane Townshend; £10,000 to his son, Gerard Paul Townshend; £25,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Janet Hannah Cornelia Townshend and Henrietta Townshend; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alice Maud Woodroffe, in addition to the provision made for her on her marriage; his gold watch, live and dead stock, farm implements, and wines to his son Harry Leigh Townshend, and £50 each to his children to buy a memento of him. He devises Caldecote Hall, with the manors, lands, advowsons, and farms in the county of Warwick, and the furniture therein, to his son Harry Leigh Townshend for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said two sons.

The will (dated July 28, 1893) of Miss Gertrude Nina Lambton, of 24, Eaton Place, S.W., who died on April 1, was proved on May 15 by Major-General Frederick William Lambton and Major-General Arthur Lambton, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £140,050. The testatrix gives her house, 34, Eaton Place, with the furniture, plate, and

effects, and the money at her bankers' to her brother Frederick William; her jewels, furs, and laces, and £6000, upon trust, for her sister Lady Louisa Caroline Ellice; £4500 each, upon trust, for her brothers Arthur and Francis; £200 to Mrs. Atherley; and £200 to her maid. As to the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves one fourth, upon trust, for each of her said three brothers; and one fourth, upon trust, for her said sister.

The will (dated March 14, 1895) of Mr. Horatio Noble Pym, of Foxwold, Brasted, near Sevenoaks, and 3, Fredericks Place, Old Jewry, solicitor, who died on May 5, was proved on May 27 by Mrs. Jane Hannah Backhouse Pym, the widow, Frederick Anthony White, and Theodore Julius Hare, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £102,470. The testator gives £2000 to his sister Mrs. Loughnan, and legacies to executors. Subject thereto he leaves all his real and personal estate upon sundry trusts for his wife and four children.

The will (dated June 7, 1894) of Mr. George Godfrey Farrant, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, and Gympie, Lodge Place, Regent's Park, who died on April 14, was proved on May 15 by Robert Francis and Basil Wickings Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £94,894. The testator gives £10,000 Cape of Good Hope Stock and £5000 South Australian Stock, upon trust, for Mrs. Leighton for life, and then as she shall appoint; he also gives her £500, his dwelling-house Gympie, with everything therein, and his carriages, horses, and dogs. He bequeaths £200 each to his executors.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1892) of Mr. Mark Edward Grigg, of Cann House, Tamerton Foliot, Devon, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on April 14 by Henry William Grigg and George Frederick Mills Grigg, the brothers, and Edward Lawrence Fox, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,145. The testator gives Cann House and other houses, lands, and hereditaments (except "Heathfield") in the parishes of Tamerton Foliot and Budeaux, and certain pictures, books, etc., to his brother Henry William Grigg; £1100 to Edward

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

(The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory and Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company).

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

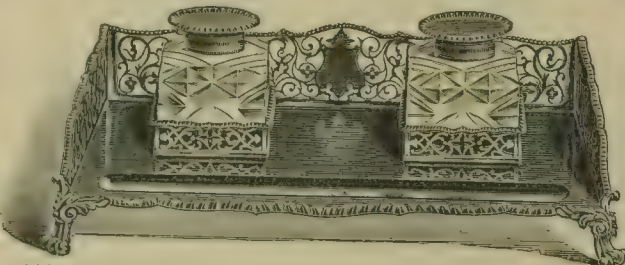


Solid Leather Case, containing a Pair of Solid Silver Mounted Military Hair-Brushes, Hat-Brush, Cloth-Brush, and Silver Mounted Tortoiseshell Comb, £5 15s.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Fine Cut Crystal Glass Claret-Jug, with Solid Silver Mounts and Handle, £3 10s. Best Electro-Plate, £1 7s. 6d.

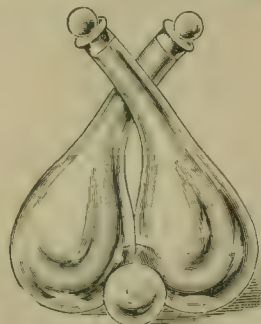


Richly Pierced Solid Silver Two-Bottle Inkstand, from £9 15s. to £19 10s.

CAUTION.
The Company have no Branches or Agencies, and warn Purchasers against Firms trading under similar names.



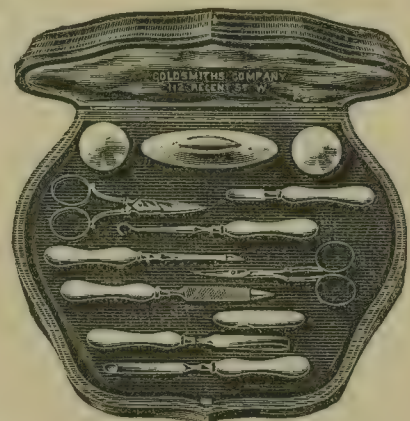
Fluted Solid Silver Hat-Brush, 10s.



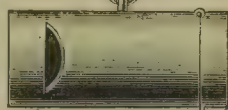
Silver Mounted "Twin" Oil and Vinegar Bottles, with Silver Mounted Corks. In three sizes, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s.



New Elegantly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Vase, with Glass Lining, in four sizes, 18s. 6d., £1 5s., £1 10s., £2 5s.



Solid Silver Mounted Manicure Set, comprising 9 Instruments, 2 Boxes, and Nail-Polisher, in best Morocco Case, £4 15s. Morocco Case, containing Nail-Polisher, 1 Box, and 4 Instruments, £2 5s.

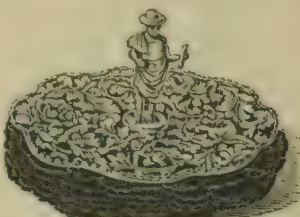


Solid Silver Whistle and Match-box, £1 2s. 6d.

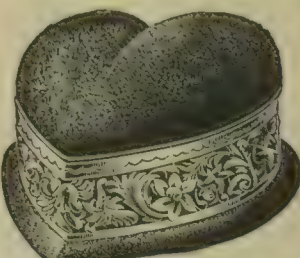
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND NOVELTY LIST POST FREE.



Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Cabinet-Frame, £1 15s.



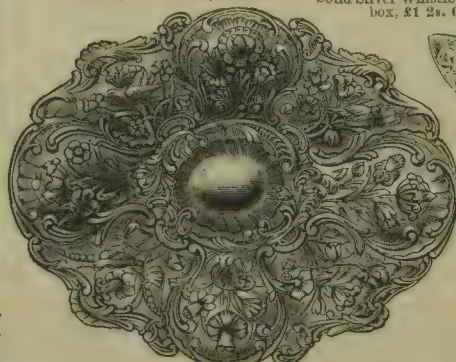
Solid Silver Mounted Pen-Wiper, £1 7s. 6d.



Richly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Mounted Pin-Cushion, £1 5s.



Fine Quality Nickel Lever Carriage-Watch, in Leather Case, with richly Chased and Pierced Silver Mounts, £3 15s. The same Watch, in plain Leather Case, £2 10s. In Pigskin or Patent Leather Reinholder Case, £3.



New Registered Design, Solid Silver Richly Chased Fruit-Dish, £3. If elaborately Pierced, £3 15s.



Fine Cut Crystal Salad-Bowl, with Solid Silver Mounts and Helpers, £6 15s. Best Electro-Plate, £3.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

ROWLANDS'

MACASSAR OIL

Preserves the Hair,
Beautifies the Hair.

THE ONLY GENUINE
PREVENTIVE OF BALDNESS.

Also in a Golden Colour.

Of all Chemists.
Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.



Can be sent, Post Free, on Receipt of Postal Order to A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

ROWLANDS'

ODONTO

IS THE BEST
Tooth Powder.

Whitens the Teeth,
Prevents Decay,
Gives Delightful
Fragrance
to the Breath,
2s. 9d.

Ask Chemists for
ROWLANDS'
ODONTO.



THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

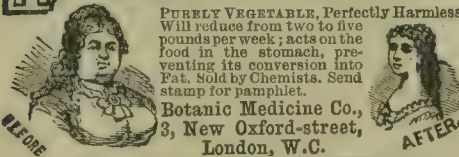
Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT



PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless.
Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
Botanic Medicine Co.,
3, New Oxford-street,
London, W.C.

RECONSTRUCTION OF PREMISES. GREAT SALE OF HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE.

CHIPPENDALE,
SHERATON,
LOUIS XIV.
LOUIS XV.
RENAISSANCE &
EMPIRE STYLES.
TURKEY AND
FRENCH
CARPETS.
BED-ROOM
FURNITURE.
RECHERCHÉ
CABINETS.
CHINA,
BRIC-A-BRAC,
&c., &c.

June 8 to June 22, at

TAYLOR'S AUCTION ROOMS,

21, Sloane Street, S.W.

Messrs. MARLER and BENNETT beg to announce that in consequence of the alterations necessary for the development of their business in the Decorating and Upholstery Departments, they have decided to offer for Private Sale their

MAGNIFICENT STOCK
(which has been removed to the above Rooms) at

AN ENORMOUS REDUCTION.
The Collection includes some magnificent examples of High-Class Artistic Furniture for the Drawing-Room, Boudoir, Dining-Room, and Library in all Woods.

SPLENDID COLLECTION OF
FINE OLD OAK, OLD BURL AND
INLAID WORK.

June 8 to June 22.



Write for Price List and Samples.

MERRYWEATHERS', 63, Long Acre, W.C.
London; Greenwich; and Manchester.

II A-M-S! H-A-M-S! H-A-M-S!
Try Payne's Celebrated Home-cured Hams. Better quality cannot be obtained. Small size, weighing from 11 to 16 lb. each. Carriage paid to all parts. W. PAYNE (late Anderson), Weston, Stevenage.

"THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES.

MILD AND FRAGRANT.

Manufactured from the Finest Selected Growths of Virginia.

"THREE CASTLES" TOBACCO,

MILD AND FINE CUT (GREEN LABEL), specially adapted for Cigarettes.
MEDIUM STRENGTH AND COARSE CUT (YELLOW LABEL),
Strongly recommended for Pipe Smoking.

Both kinds are sold in 1-oz. and 2-oz. Square Packets, and $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, LIMITED,
BRISTOL AND LONDON.

DREW & SONS PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

Inventors and Sole Makers,

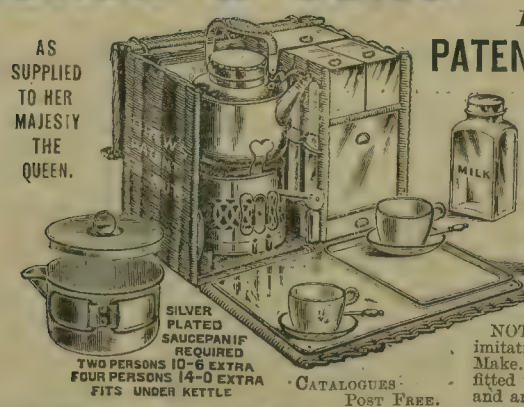
PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT

2-PERSON SIZE with Kettle Silver-Plated, £21 7s. 6d.
AS SKETCH all Fittings Silver-Plated, £4 10s.
4-PERSON SIZE with Kettle Silver-Plated, £4 14s.
all Fittings Silver-Plated, £6 10s.

N.B.—Either of these "En Routes" fitted with Drews' Patent Railway Attachment Lid and Fall Tray: 2-person size, 7s. 6d.; 4-person size, 10s. 6d. extra to above prices. Packed free of charge on receipt of cheque.

NOTE.—Purchasers are cautioned against cheap and inferior imitations, which differ in every essential detail from Drews' Make. ALL genuine Tea-Baskets of DREWS' MAKE are fitted with their PATENT ADJUSTABLE SPIRIT-LAMP, and are stamped on lid DREWS' PATENT.



DREW & SONS Actual Makers of

DRESSING BAGS FITTED SUIT CASES PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS

TALKS ON THE TEETH.—No. 1.

The teeth are not cleaned healthfully and properly by attending merely to the part that you can see. Almost anything will keep that right—even plain water. It is the spaces between the teeth that gather stray pieces of food, which decompose and inevitably lead to tooth-ache and destruction of the teeth by decay.

Only one thing in the world properly cleanses the spaces between the teeth, and that is SOZODONT, the fragrant liquid dentifrice.

It is so important to health to have, and keep, sound teeth, and so great a personal attraction to have a sweet, clean breath, that it seems a small matter to be punctual in the use of SOZODONT, which is sold everywhere (in neat Toilet Case) at 2/6. No one who, having a sound set of teeth, uses SOZODONT regularly, has ever had the tooth-ache or lost a tooth by decay.

Manufactured by HALL & RUCKEL—British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.

For the past thirty years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent and harmless. It is not a dye, but a genuine Restorer. In cases, 10s. 6d., of Hairdressers, Chemists, &c. Analyst's report and circulars free.

Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Berners Street, W.; and City Road, E.C., London.

DISTRESSING DISEASES OF THE SKIN



Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths, with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier).

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

POCKET ... KODAK.



A perfect camera on a small scale.
Weights only 5 ounces.
Size of Picture, $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ inches.
Loaded in daylight.
One button does it—sets the shutter, and changes action from time to instantaneous.
Made of aluminium, and covered with leather.
Price, with 12 Exposures of Film, £1 1s.

EASTMAN

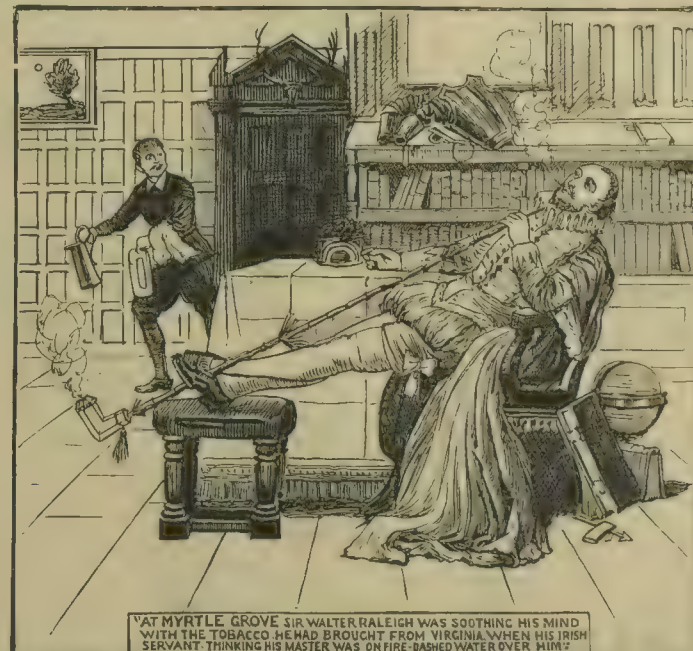
Photographic Materials Co. Limited,

115-117 Oxford St., London, W.

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE.

SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT.



"AT MYRTLE GROVE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS SOOTHING HIS MIND WITH THE TOBACCO HE HAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS IRISH SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM."

"MYRTLE GROVE" CIGARETTES.

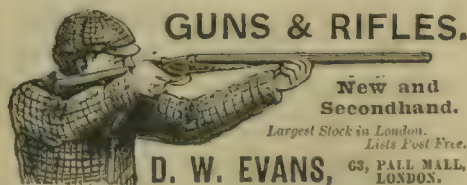
SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT.

None Genuine without our Name on each Cigarette.

TADDY AND CO., MINORIES, LONDON.

ASTHMA CURE GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by Grimault and Co's Indian Cigarettes, 1s. 6d. per box all Chemists, or post free Wilcox, 259, Oxford-St., London, W.



Lawrence Fox; and £1000 to Frederick Fox. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his brothers and sisters in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1887), with three codicils (dated April 26, 1890, Dec. 8, 1894, and Nov. 2, 1895), of Mr. Vincent Pollexfen Calmady, J.P., of Telcott, Holsworthy, Devon, who died last March, was proved on May 18 by Mrs. Isabella Calmady, the widow, and George Soltan Symons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,555. The testator gives his pack of foxhounds, the wooden house at Telcott, and his household furniture to his wife; and £200 each to his groom and farm bailiff. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death he settles all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property, certain pictures, tapestry, plate, and presentation articles, and the ultimate residue of his personal estate upon his nephew, Frederick W. Collier, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Arthur Cecil Blunt, of Clarence Chambers, Haymarket, who died on April 16, at Brighton, intestate, a bachelor, have been granted to Frederick W. Blunt, of 95, Gresham Street, the brother, one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate being £14,198.

The will of Mr. John Colthurst, of Chew Court, Chew Magna, Somerset, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on May 16 by Miss Ellen Rebecca Colthurst, the daughter and sole executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £1012.

The will and codicil of General James Thomas Walker, C.B., F.R.S., of 13, Cromwell Road, South Kensington,

who died on Feb. 16, were proved on May 26 by Mrs. Alicia Mary Walker, the widow, Herbert John Walker, the son, and Charles Lewis Coote, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £9046.

ART NOTES.

It is not only on the walls of Burlington House that we trace an attempt to revive the interest, often dormant but never wholly extinct, in battle-scenes and feats of military prowess. The recent events in the Transvaal have found a competent chronicler on canvas in Mr. R. Caton Woodville. He has selected "Jameson's Last Stand" as the most striking episode of the unfortunate ride to Johannesburg, which ended so disastrously for all concerned. Dr. Jameson, who is the central figure of the group, looks more like a sportsman than a soldier, but, on the other hand, his companions, Sir John Willoughby, Colonel White, and Captain Coventry, bear all the external marks of military training. The troopers have taken up a position which, to the ordinary observer, would seem full of peril. Exposed on all sides except the rear to the fire of the Boers, they seem to have managed to get into a trap from which the only escape would bring ridicule upon their undertaking. Nothing, therefore, remains but to force the Boer position, of which we are left to guess the strength from the casualties occurring to Jameson's little bodyguard. Mr. Caton Woodville knows the district so well that there is little danger of his having exaggerated the difficulties of the situation. That Englishmen should have reached such a point is evidence of their pluck and endurance;

that they should think of defending it against absolutely unknown forces is a proof of their confidence in their leader. The picture when reproduced will become popular throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and Ireland as a tribute to the "handfastness" of our race, and as a recognition of the artist's talent in seizing upon a brilliant episode in the history of the expansion of the Empire.

Mr. Dana Gibson, who is already known to readers of *Harper's Magazine* and other American periodicals, is the latest comer among the artists in black and white who deal with the follies and humours of "Society." The small collection of drawings now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery shows in a marked manner the difference between the English and American way in dealing with this method of illustration. The large scale on which our Trans-Atlantic cousins prepare their drawings renders all weaknesses and shortcomings in draughtsmanship doubly apparent, and it is very much to Mr. Dana Gibson's credit that his work stands the ordeal. We may quarrel with the slope of his ladies' necks, the length of their throats, and the aggressiveness of their chins; but we must frankly accord him a high place amongst those more delicate humorists who, by the exercise of obvious self-restraint, convey more by what they suggest than others by what they express. The little Cupid comfortably ensconced in the easy chair is indeed "No Respector of a Widow's Grief" (14), and suggests one of those comedies of life of which most of us have been the amused watchers. The sense of the same little god's despair at the sight of "Some Rare Birds" (10), whose cause he is nevertheless obliged to keep in mind, is inimitably rendered; while in such groups as "An After-Dinner

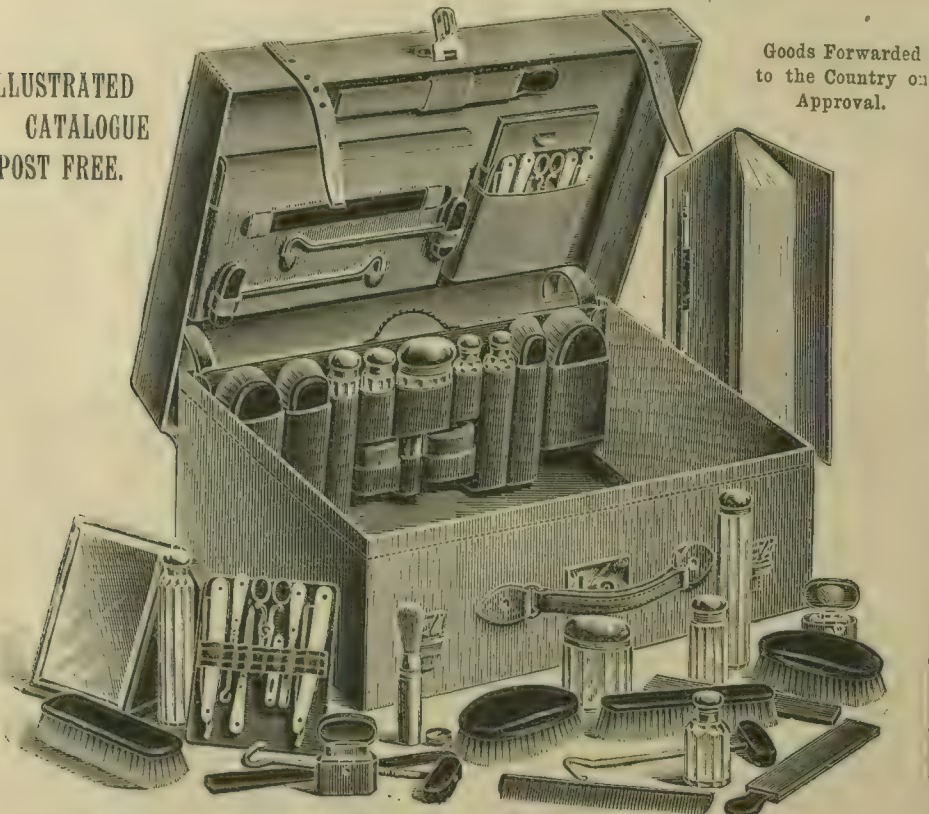
THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.

MAPPIN BROTHERS

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES: **220, REGENT STREET, W.**
& **66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.** (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.)

Inspection is Invited of the Largest and Finest Stock in the World of
DRESSING-BAGS, SUIT-CASES, KIT-BAGS, &c.

ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.



Goods Forwarded
to the Country on
Approval.

MAPPIN BROTHERS' SOLID LEATHER DRESS SUIT-CASE.

22 in. Lined Leather, fitted with Nickel-Mounted Toilet-Bottles, solid Ebony Brushes, fine Cutlery, &c., £12 12s.

If with Solid Silver Mounts, instead of Nickel, £13 13s.

66, Cheapside, E.C.; 220, Regent St., W.; & The Queen's Works, Sheffield.

FOR
FURNITURE,
STAINED & PARQUET FLOORS,
LINOLEUM,
CARVED WOODWORK,
&c., &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured by

T. M. FOWLER,
BRIGHTON.

In Tins—6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

FOWLER'S
RONUK
THE NEW
SANITARY POLISH
& CLEANSER.

The Best Headache Cure

is that which relieves the sufferer immediately, however serious the headache may be. One of the most wonderful discoveries of modern times, strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal," which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and which has a marvellous instantaneous power for curing headache is

Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine.

It also acts as an invigorating tonic for the tired body or overworked brain, is pleasant to take, and most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative and is always found to be immediately effective in dispelling all feelings of weariness and exhaustion. Test it and take care the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop, inventor of all granular effervescent preparations. It is supplied at 1s. 1d. and 2s. by all chemists; or of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Mile End New Town, London.

FASHIONABLE MOURNING

AT MODERATE PRICES.

PETER ROBINSON,
LTD.,

256 to 264, REGENT ST.

"THE FIRST PEGAMOID FLAT"

FURNISHED BY

WM. WALLACE & CO.

ART DECORATORS AND FURNISHERS,

CURTAIN ROAD, FINSBURY, E.C.

"PEGAMOID"

"OUR FLAT,"
India and Ceylon Exhibition.

"PEGAMOID" Brand
Wall and Ceiling Papers.

"PEGAMOID" Brand
Leathers for Furniture Coverings and
Dados.



"PEGAMOID" Brand
Window Blinds and Outside Sunshades.

"PEGAMOID" Brand
Bed-Ticks, Hangings, and Linings for
Wardrobes and Cupboards.



Reproduced from Photographs of the "First
Pegamoid Flat," Furnished by
WM. WALLACE and Co.

The peculiar properties of Pegamoid brand materials are that they are Water-Proof, Dust-Proof, Grease-Proof, Ink-Proof, Microbe-Proof. If soiled in any way they can be immediately Cleaned by Sponging with Water. Walls and Ceilings Papered with Pegamoid Brand Papers can be Scrubbed and Washed, leaving them Equal to New.

PEGAMOID Leathers on Furniture are not distinguishable from Real Morocco, and are proof against the scratches of Dogs or Cats—will not be affected by Fumes from Gas, Heat, Damp, or Smoke, and when used for Dados will not Shrink, Swell, or Buckle, and will not show Marks of Chairs put back against them.

PEGAMOID Window-Blinds (Inside and Outside) will not Fade or Rot, and can be Washed if Soiled.

PEGAMOID Bed-Ticks, being Waterproof and Washable, are particularly desirable in Infectious Cases of Illness and in Night Nurseries.

In fact, as MRS. PANTON, the eminent Authority on House Furnishing, wrote, after visiting the Flat illustrated above: "Pegamoid things will practically Wear for Ever, and the Damp Sponge will now take the place of the British Workman when the Walls of our Homes appear to require Renovating. I am going to have my new Dining-Room Chairs covered with Pegamoid Leather."

NOTE.—All the Pegamoid brand Articles mentioned above can be inspected in "Our Flat" at the India and Ceylon Exhibition, Earl's Court, or at our
SHOW-ROOMS AND FACTORIES:

WILLIAM WALLACE & CO., Curtain Road, Finsbury, E.C.

Relief" (18), "Her First Glimpse of Royalty" (24), and the last of the series (31), there are some of those delightful touches of human nature which show how little men's and women's minds and lives are modified by the forms of government under which they live.

The "Panel Show" is the latest improvement on the "One Man Show," and its introduction is due to the same author—the manager of the Fine Art Society's Gallery. The idea is to give half a dozen or more typical specimens of the work of ten or twelve artists. With the public the plan is likely to be popular, but it will be more difficult to satisfy artists that they are grouped in the way best calculated to show off their respective works. On the present occasion no such complaint can be raised, and the arrangement of each "panel" is complete in itself and advantageous to its neighbour. Mr. G. H. Boughton, the newest addition to the ranks of the Royal Academicians, occupies the place of honour with half a score of single figures with clear-cut faces enjoying life and love in summer and winter. On one side the landscapes of Mr. Wimperis and on the other those of Mr. James Orrock arouse, respectively, reminiscences of David Cox and Peter de Wint. Mille, Henriette Ronner, the inimitable painter of cat-life, is held in com-

pany with Mr. Archibald Thorburn, well known for his work in *Fur and Feather*, his pheasants and blackcock being, on the whole, more important than his golden eagles, who look somewhat dwarfed among their surroundings. Mr. Edwin Hayes contributes a number of bright sea-pieces, of which the subjects range from Deptford to the Dardanelles; and Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury appears as the representative of "pretty" English landscape, which is dangerously near the line of feebleness. On the other hand, Mr. Elgood as a painter of gardens is without a rival, and his bits from Venice, Padua, and Florence will show that the love of flower-growing is not extinct south of the Alps. Mr. John Charlton's hunting subjects, and Mr. Robert Little's studies in *genre* work complete an exhibition which cannot fail to offer attractions to one class or another of picture-lovers.

The exhibition of Home Art Industry, which is to be held this year at the Royal Albert Hall on June 11 and following days, should be more than usually interesting. In addition to the contributions from the various centres where art work is now carried on in the cottages and school-houses, it is proposed to exhibit specimens of old English handicraft produced under similar conditions in bygone times.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Theatrical managers, for a wonder, allowed us to have a delightful Whitsuntide holiday, for they unanimously consented to postpone their novelties for a week, while the sun was in the heavens and all was right with the world! But the sun is still "all there," and some of us wanted to run down to Epsom to see the Derby and the Oaks, and delight our town-tired eyes with the acres of golden buttercups round "The Durdans," but lo and behold! there is a new play to be sampled every night of this exciting Derby week, when "the young man from the country" loves to come up to town to see the sights. There must have been a goodly contingent of our innocent young friends at the Court Theatre on Monday night when clever and popular May Yohé revived "Mam'zelle Nitouche," the famous French comic opera immortalised by Judic at the Varieties over thirteen years ago. Nobody found any fault with the new rendering of an old joke, so I suppose I shall be considered a crusty curmudgeon if I vote with the "noes" instead of the "ayes." It seems to me, but I may be wrong, that neither Miss May Yohé nor Mr. L. Mackinder have the faintest idea of the joke they are asked to fire off. Miss Yohé is supposed to be a modest,

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

SUMMER SEASON, 1896.
NOW OPEN DAILY.
COLONIAL AND INDIAN PRODUCTS.
THE GREATEST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MOTORS, &c., ever displayed. "Horseless" Carriages of every description, and univalued in examples and interest.

MOTOR CARRIAGES, CYCLES, &c., SHOWN IN OPERATION DAILY.

SPORTING TROPHIES AND CURIOSITIES (from India and Colonies) of H.R.H. the Duc d'Orléans.

ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF ANCIENT ARMOUR AND EQUIPMENTS.

THE CELEBRATED MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA (25 Performers & 18 Soloists).
Twice Daily—4.15 to 6, and 8.45 to 11 p.m.
Reserved Seats—4s., 3s., and 2s. (Numbered), and 1s. West Garden Pavilions and Enclosure when Fine; Great Hall when Inclement.

LUNCHEONS from 1 p.m., DINNERS from 6.30 p.m., in the East Garden Pavilion.
Tea and Light Refreshments in the West Garden.

Trains and Buses (to South Kensington) throughout the Day.
Car Fares from Charing Cross, 1s. 6d.; Victoria (centre), 1s.; Paddington, 1s.; Waterloo, 2s.; King's Cross, 2s.; Euston, 2s.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING (No Extras).
From 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.
On Wednesdays (Fellows' Day) by Tickets Only.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT

AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.
Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Box-office open at the Hall, Bedford Street Entrance, Hours 10 to 5.
PAGEANT—THE SONS OF THE EMPIRE, India, Australia, Cape, Canada, and other Colonies will be represented.
GRAND MILITARY DISPLAY.
Performances, 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,

EMPEROR THEATRE, Great Success of IMRE KIRALFY'S "INDIA." Gorgeously Spectacle. 1200 Performers. Matinee 3.30, Evening 8.30.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,

EMPEROR THEATRE, "INDIA." The Greatest Success of the Age. The Cavalry Charge at Somnath. The Procession of Jehangir the Magnificent.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,

EMPEROR THEATRE. Every Visitor to the Exhibition should see "INDIA," the Vastest Spectacle ever produced. Matinee 3.30, Evening 8.30.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,

EMPEROR THEATRE. Panorama of Ancient Rome. THE GREAT WHEEL. The Monster Balloon "Majestic." The New Great Jungle.

OLYMPIA.—General Manager, SIR

AUGUSTUS HARRIS. Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Two Performances Daily at 2 and 8. OSCAR CARRE'S ROYAL NETHERLAND CIRCUS. INTERNATIONAL CYCLE RACES. All the Champions. OPEN-AIR THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Acres of Charming Pleasure Grounds. Full Band of H.M. Scots Guards. Riviere's Grand Orchestra. Olympia Orchestra Band, &c., &c. Admission, ONE SHILLING. Book direct to Addison Road Station.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 968.—JUNE 1896.—2s. 6d.
CONTENTS:
A NAVAL UTOPIA.—CARDINAL MANNING.—SOME EPISODES IN A LONG LIFE. by F. M. F. Skene.—AN ENRAGED KING.—A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.—THE NOVELS OF JOHN GALT.—MY FRIENDS WHO CYCLE.—CAPTAIN FRANCIS LAWTON.—THE LOOKER-ON.—THE NEW OBSTRUCTION A SERIOUS DANGER. by William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

"AN IDEAL HOLIDAY BOOK."

MOUNTAIN MOOR AND LOCH, illustrated by Pen and Pencil, on the Route of the West Highland Railway. With 250 pictures from drawings made on the spot. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 2s.

"A dainty volume."—Illustrated News.
"Exquisitely got up work."—Civil Service Gazette.
"One of the most attractive guide books."—Engineer.
"Handy, concise, and good in every way to look at."—World.
London: Sir Joseph Causton and Sons; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, and Co.
Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES and Co.; OLIVER and Boyd.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE

(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.
ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.
Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S

GUINEA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting-cards, 2s. 8d.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.
T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, 1896
May 3 to September 30.
INTERNATIONAL
ART EXHIBITION
In Celebration of the 200th Anniversary
of the Royal Academy of Arts.

SILKS PATTERNS FREE. SILKS

BROCADED SILKS.

EXTRA QUALITY. RESERVED DESIGNS.
Special Colourings for Court Trains.
9s. 11d. to 15s. 6d. per yard.

MOIRÉ VELOURS.

In New Art Shades.
5s. 6d. per yard.

TAFFETA CAMÉLÉON.

In Latest Shades.
4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per yard.

TAFFETA BRODERIE.

FOR BLOUSES AND COSTUMES.
Latest Novelty.
5s. 6d. to 8s. 11d. per yard.

STRIPE CHINÉ GLACÉ.

In Special Colourings.
3s. 6d. and 3s. 9d. per yard.

SHOT GLACÉ.

350 PIECES FOR UNDERSKIRTS.
In All Latest Shades.
2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per yard.

RICH DUCHESSE SATIN.

SPECIAL MAKES.
In All Latest Shades.
4s. 6d. to 7s. 11d. per yard.

BLACK SILKS.

SPECIAL MAKES.
In All Qualities.

PETER ROBINSON LTD.,

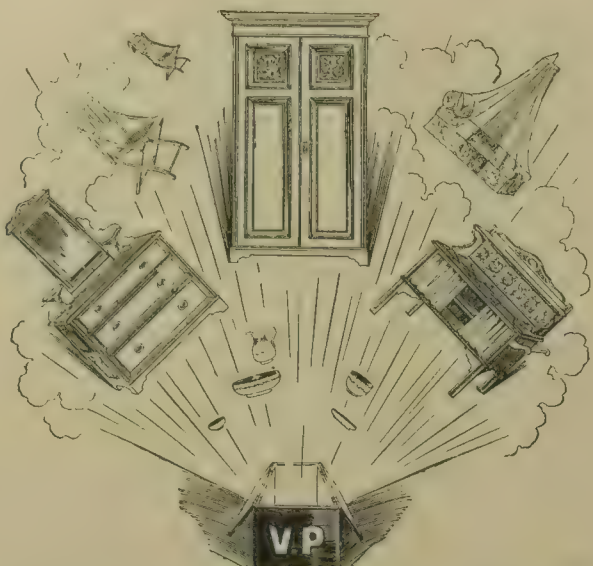
OXFORD ST.

Via QUEENBORO'-FLUSHING.

TO THE CONTINENT.
ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.
GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.
The magnificent new 21-Knot PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.
BERLIN—LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.
LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 Hours ... Arrival Dresden, 12.31 a.m.
Etc. ... ZEELAND STEAM-SHIP COMPANY, Flushing.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT DIEUDONNÉ.

RYDER STREET, ST. JAMES'S.
MOST CHARMING AND LUXURIOUS. DECORATED IN THE REAL LOUIS XV. STYLE FOR RECHERCHE DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, AND SUPPERS, AT PRIX FIXE AND A LA CARTE, DINING SALOONS FOR PARTIES.
Telegraphic Address: GUFFANTI, LONDON.
THE GRAND SALOON ON THE FIRST FLOOR WILL BE OPEN EARLY IN MAY.



The Complete Furniture of a Comfortable Bed-Room: Wardrobe, Dressing-Chest, Washstand, Two Cane-Seat Arm-Chairs, Chamber Service, Bed, Bedding, &c., FOLDS into one Small Case measuring 6 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. Rigidity and Appearance of Glued-up Furniture. Patented all over the World. Suites at all Prices. Separate Parts can be had. Obtainable at all Dealers' or Direct from

THE
V.P. FOLDING BED-ROOM SUITE & FURNITURE CO., Ltd.,
330, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT EASTBOURNE, TUESDAY, June 9, to FRIDAY, June 12, inclusive.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued each day of the Show, from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.38 a.m., from Kensington (Addison Road) 9.42 a.m., and calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, from London Bridge 9.45 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any Train the same or following day, 15s., 10s. 6d., 6s.
CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, June 11 and 12, from Victoria 8.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.15 a.m., London Bridge 8.15 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning from Eastbourne 8.40 p.m. Fare 4s.
On SATURDAY, June 6, Cheap 8, 10, 15, or 17 days' Return Tickets to Eastbourne will be issued from London and Suburban Stations by certain Trains as per bills. Fare 7s.
For full particulars see Handbills.
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.

The Ardennes, 35s.; Brussels (for the Field of Waterloo) and back, 28s.; &c., via Harwich and Antwerp, by G.E.R. Co.'s Twin Screw Steam-ship, every Week-day.
HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent Daily (Sundays included). Quickest Route to Holland and Cheapest to Germany.
Combination Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining Car from York, via March. HAMBURG by G. S. N. Co.'s fast passenger STEADFAST and SEAMORE, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Read "Walks in Belgium," illustrated, price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK,

SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.—The Steamers of the United Steam-Ship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkstone Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 7.15 p.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares—Esbjerg, 33s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steam-Ship KOLDINGHUS and NIDAROS. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

THE ALBION S.S. COMPANY (LIMITED).

FORTNIGHTLY CRUISES
From NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE to NORWAY.
The Finest YACHTING STEAMER Afloat. No Upper Berths.
"MIDNIGHT SUN," 3178 Tons, 3500-H.P.
CAPTAIN CABORNE, R.N.R., F.R.G.S.
SAILINGS: JUNE 6, 20; JULY 4, 18; AUGUST 1 and 15.
Fares from 12 Guineas, including First-Class Table.
For Itinerary, &c., Apply to—
"MIDNIGHT SUN" PASSENGER SUPERINTENDENT,
4, Lombard Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES

by the Steam-ships LUSITANIA, 3877 tons' register, and GABORNE, 3876 tons' register, leaving London as under:
For NORWAY FIORDS and NORTH CAPE (for Midnight Sun), June 13, for 28 days.
For the NORWAY FIORDS, June 23, for 21 days. July 11 for 15 days.
For NORWAY FIORDS, VADSO (for Solar Eclipse), and SPIZBERGEN, July 22, for 27 days.
At the most northerly point of this Cruise the Sun will be above the Horizon at Midnight.
For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, KIEL, the BALTIC CANAL, &c., Aug. 25, for 28 days.
String Band, Electric Light, High-Class Cuisine.
Managers { ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. } Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOMEOPATHIC FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

New Edition, pp. 324, cloth, 1s., post free.
By Drs. R. and W. EPPS. Describes fully and prescribes for general diseases.—London: JAMES EPPS and Co. (LTD.), 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS.

Thomas Oetzmann and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is—
27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

OETZMANN, of 27, Baker Street, W.

PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale, Hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find

that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Oetzmann, Steinway, Bechstein, and other makers of repute is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the Pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting. Six for 30s., 40s., 45s., sent by parcel post free to your door. Write for illustrated Self-Measure and all particulars free by post.
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO.'S New Patterns

in French and English Printed Shirtings, as well as the Oxford Mat for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, forwarded post free. Quarter of a dozen or more for 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 16s. 6d., carriage free. Write for particulars.—R. FORD & CO., 41, Poultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar

Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD & CO., 41, Poultry, London.

JOHN WALKER, WATCH and CLOCK

MAKER.
77, CORNHILL, and 230, REGENT STREET.
"The Cornhill" Silver Crystal-face Keyless Lever Watch, with Chronometer balance, £5 5s. Gold Keyless Lever Watches, from £10 10s. Chime Clocks in great variety.
Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only

thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 30 penny stamps.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.



HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

Suggested Employment for the Horses when Parliament sanctions the use of Petroleum Motors in the Streets of the Capital. Few Inventions will more Revolutionise the Appearance of the City.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S (Cloudy Household) AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

- Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
- Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
- Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
- Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
- Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
- Invigorating in Hot Climates.
- Restores the Colour to Carpets.
- Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

SCRUBB'S (Cloudy Household) AMMONIA

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & Co., 32^B Southwark Street, London, S.E.

MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

meek, and demure schoolgirl at a convent, who is, in reality, a very imp of mischief. She is singing hymns and psalm tunes with one side of her mouth, and whistling opéra-bouffe jingles with the other. In fact she is a veritable Nitouche. A humbug who ought to know better, but quite as pronounced as Nitouche, is her music-master, who puts on a serious and sanctimonious air, hoodwinks the Mother Superior with his solemn face, whereas behind his musical masses he is composing intoxicating jingles for the boulevards of Paris. The whole object and point of the play is contrast. Nitouche and the music-master pretend to be exactly what they are not. But neither Miss Yohé nor Mr. Mackinder give the slightest idea of contrast. They dash into wild burlesque directly the curtain rises, and never leave off their fun until all is over. Where did Mr. Mackinder discover that music-masters at convents—pure laymen—wore priests' cassocks and bands! Celestin the

organist is not a priest, and no one but a priest can wear an ecclesiastical dress. Mr. Arthur Playfair is, as we all know, very good at imitation, and tradition has allowed the stage-manager in this play to imitate somebody or other. When "Mam'zelle Nitouche" was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1893, if I remember rightly, Mr. Playfair imitated the genial George Edwardes of the Gaiety and other theatres; but this time he takes off little Willie Clarkson, the well-known coiffeur of Wellington Street, Strand. Mr. Robert Pateman gives his invaluable services once more in his old part of the fire-eating Mayor; but the fun of the character is somewhat damped by the wild extravagance of the schoolgirl and the schoolmaster. One of the best acted characters is that of Corinne, the jealous actress, by Miss Florence Levey. She is charmingly dressed, and acts as well as she dances. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry are indefatigable.

Scarcely landed from America, they are both hard at work again in the provinces and delighting everybody with their range of characters "from 'The Bells' to 'King Arthur'."

I am glad to find that Sudermann's "Heimat," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell succeeds Eleonora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt, is to be "faithfully translated" by Mr. Louis N. Parker. We have no equivalent in this country of the "heavy father" who commands a grown-up woman, who has been independent enough to leave his roof and make a fortune for herself, to retire to her rooms as if she were a baby and to expect a whipping! The dread of the traditional father's curse must be very great indeed to induce the independent Magda to be browbeaten and bullied by this extremely irritating and irritable old gentleman, who is perpetually threatened with paralysis, and uses the incipient malady as an excuse for his hectoring conduct.

MASON & HAMLIN

Metzler

Used at Westminster Abbey, Exeter Hall, St. James's Hall, Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane; and at Marlborough House and Windsor Castle, &c., &c.

CATALOGUES POST FREE. Prices from £8 to £450. 25% Discount for Cash.

Supplied to H.M. The Queen, H.M. The Empress Frederick of Germany, H.R.H. The Duchess of York, H.M. The Empress Eugénie, &c., &c.

AMERICAN ORGANS.

40 to 43, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Pears' Soap

best for the babies, not only because they like a bath with Pears'—but Pears' is pure—does not make the skin smart—softens it—clears the complexion—is restful and refreshing to the body—mothers who use Pears' say so—

MADE BY **PEARS** IN GREAT BRITAIN

For Toilet, Nursery and Bath.

There are Soaps offered as substitutes for Pears' which are dangerous—be sure you get **Pears'.**

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Is. 1½d. at Chemists.

Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion, Bilious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Highest Award at Chicago '93

"Lanoline"

Prepared from the purified fat of lamb's wool, is SIMILAR to the FAT of the HUMAN SKIN and HAIR. It is their natural nutrient.

Toilet 'Lanoline'

A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. Prevents WRINKLES, SUNBURN & CHAPPING. 6d. & 1s.


"Lanoline" Pomade

NOURISHES, INVIGORATES, and BEAUTIFIES the hair. Prevents dandruff by its cleansing properties. Price 1/6

"Lanoline" Toilet Soap

(No caustic free alkali.)—RENDERS the most SENSITIVE SKIN Healthy, Clear, and Elastic. Price 6d. & 1s., from all Chemists.

Wholesale Depot, 67, Holborn Viaduct, London.

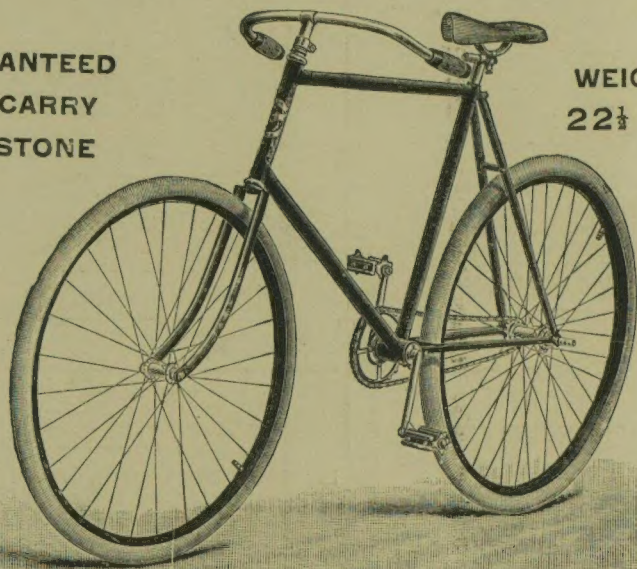


Columbia Bicycles

YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE.

GUARANTEED
TO CARRY
17 STONE

WEIGHT
22½ LBS.



THE PRICE IS A POPULAR ONE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

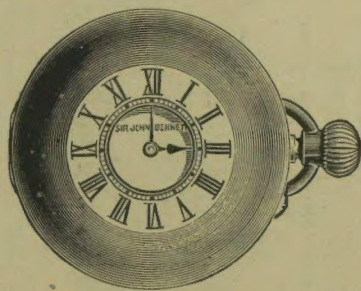
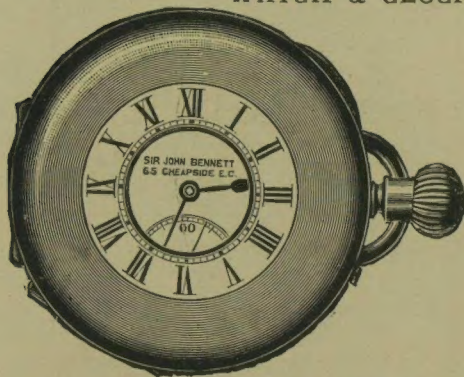
Applications for Sub-Agencies to be made
to the European Agents,
MARKT & CO. 3, NEW ZEALAND AVENUE, LONDON.

Send for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, or Call at The **COLUMBIA DEPÔT,**

Vigor & Co., 21, Baker St., London.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,

WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-
LESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER
WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled
in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram
richly embossed. Free and safe per post.
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three
Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE,
free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD
KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH
LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and
dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

LAZENBY'S

HARVEY'S SAUCE

PREPARED FROM

THE ORIGINAL RECIPE

BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL

Signed

Elizabeth Lazenby

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

WHEN STRIVING TO KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

REMEMBER THAT IT IS NOT
ALWAYS

the cheapest that is the most
economic; the vast superiority
of

HOVIS

over any other bread, either
brown or white, both in its bone
and muscle making substances,
secures for it the coveted position
of the

"CHEAPEST & BEST."

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery
Exhibition, London, May 1895.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The Public are Cautioned against accepting from
Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which,
having met with such unprecedented success, is being
copied in many instances as closely as can be done
without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS,"
or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory,
please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be
defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.

61. or 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamps.

NOTICE.

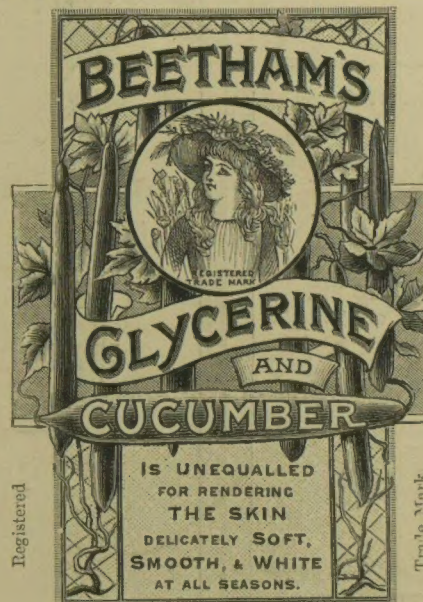
ALTERATION OF LABEL.

In consequence of the numerous imitations of their **RED AND BLACK**
"GLYCERINE AND CUCUMBER" LABEL, M. BEETHAM AND SON
have designed and adopted this new and distinctive one, which in future will be used
both on the Bottles and Outside Cases. It has been duly registered as a "Trade
Mark" at home and abroad, and M. BEETHAM AND SON will be greatly obliged by any
information regarding any imitations of the same that Ladies may have offered to them.

LADIES
should be careful
to obtain

'BEETHAM'S,'

as numerous
Preparations
called by the same
name, but quite
different in quality,
are often
substituted for the
original.



(In Green, Gold, and Chocolate).

FACSIMILE
of Front of
NEW LABEL
on Bottle.

The same is on
OUTSIDE CASE,
with slight
additions,
Top and Bottom.

IT HAS NO EQUAL For Preserving the Skin

from the Effects of the Sun and Winds,

and FROM THE ACTION OF **Hard Water** on the Delicate
Tissues of the Skin.

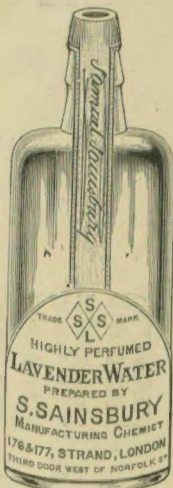
Removes and Prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, &c.

A BEAUTIFUL and CLEAR COMPLEXION is ensured by its use.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either Size post free 3d. extra, from
the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

A BOUQUET OR EXTRAIT

For the Handkerchief, of great Delicacy, Strength, and Lasting Quality; in which the Choicest Perfumes are combined with the finest English Lavender. It is consequently quite distinct from what is generally known as Lavender Water, and being so much more expensively made, is naturally more costly. Its reputation extends over Half a Century.



ESTABLISHED 1839.

S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water

New Revised Prices, 1/3, 2/6, 3/9, 5/-, 8/-, and 15/-.
Sold by SPECIAL AGENTS throughout the Country,
and by the MAKER,

S. SAINSBURY, 176 & 177, Strand, London.
For Special Agencies vacant apply Direct.

G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS. "The Gun of the Period."



C. E. LEWIS'S HAMMERLESS TREBLE GRIP BREECHLOADER is the highest development of the gunmaker's art. The opening of the gun for loading cocks it and bolts the triggers automatically, thus making it the safest gun before the public.

PRICE FROM 10 TO 50 GUINEAS.

Send six stamps for Catalogue of our stock of finished Guns ready for delivery, which is the largest in England. Buy direct and save dealers' profits. We guarantee the shooting and endurance of our Guns and Rifles is second to none.

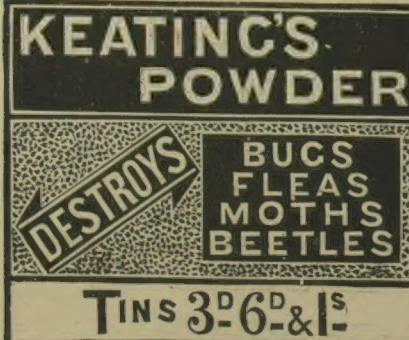
G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM.
(Established 1850.)

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

IN TUBES,
1s. 6d. and 3s. each.
LLOYD'S
THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**
FOR EASY SHAVING,
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.
The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE
Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY
on a Yellow Ground, and bears this
TRADE-MARK—

R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS,
BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.



EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT
HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER

The finest dressing, specially prepared and perfumed,
fragrant and refreshing.

IS A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.
"HARLENE" Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents its Falling Off
and Turning Grey.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the BEARD and MOUSTACHE.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED REMEDY FOR
BALDNESS



For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening and rendering the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.

Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients.

WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates it. Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf, Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation. 1/-, 2/-, and (Triple 2 1/2 size) 4/6 per bottle. From Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

And at 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.



IRISH CAMBRIC

Samples and Illustrated
Price-Lists Post Free.

	Per doz.	Per doz.
Children's Bordered ... 1/3	Hemstitched, ... 2/9	
Ladies' ... 2/3	Ladies' ... 2/9	
Gents' ... 3/3	Gents' ... 3/11	

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish-Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner-Napkins, 5/6 per doz.

Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-Cloths, 11 1/2 d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/4 1/2 each.

By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.

N.B.—All inquiries for Samples, and Letter Orders, should be sent direct to Belfast as hitherto.

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from
Mercury.

Of Vegetable
Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS

FOR
BILE,
LIVER,
HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN,
INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

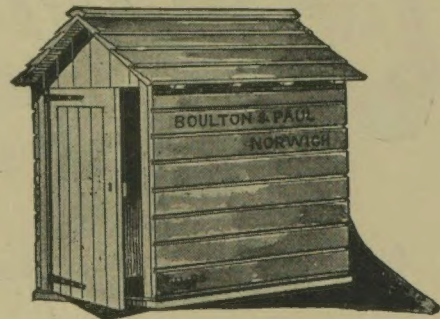
"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheikh, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

BOULTON & PAUL, MANUFACTURERS, NORWICH.

CHEAP BICYCLE HOUSES,
ORNAMENTAL OR PLAIN.



Size 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., 5 ft. 6 in. high. Cash Price, carriage paid, £3.

LEAN-TO BICYCLE HOUSE,

For placing against a wall. Cash Price, carriage paid, £2 5s.

LIEUT.-COL. STANLEY CARTER writes: "My man has erected the Bicycle House with great ease. It is all I could wish. I think the Hunter Co. should let their constituents know where such useful Houses can be had."

Illustrated Catalogue of Portable Artists' Wood and Iron Buildings free on application.

BOULTON & PAUL, NORWICH.

A BARGAIN.

Six Songs by such well-known Authors as
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, HOPE TEMPLE, d.
WAKELING DRY, &c., &c. ... 2 1/2
Three Pianoforte Solos ... 1 1/2
One Violin Solo by CH. GOUNOD ... 0 1/2
One Romance for Violoncello ... 0 1/2
One Waltz ... 0 1/2
Delightful Literary Notes by R. S. HICHENS
and JOSEPH BENNETT ... 0 1/2
6d.

The above fine selection of New Works can be obtained, bound in One Volume, under the Title MELODY, From any Bookseller or Newsagent.

BENSON'S ENGLISH KEYLESS "BANK" WATCH.

In Silver Cases,

In Silver Cases,



Best London-made Three-quarter Plate English Lever, Chronometer Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action. Is a good knockabout Watch for rough wear at home or abroad at a low price. Price £5, in Extra Strength Sterling Silver, Crystal Glass Cases. Sent free and safe at my risk to all parts of the World on receipt of Draft, Cash, or P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET of every class of Watch from £2 2s. to £500. Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, and Plate, sent Post Free.

J. W. BENSON,
THE STEAM FACTORY,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and
25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.



THE BEST
UMBRELLAS
BEAR OUR NAME.

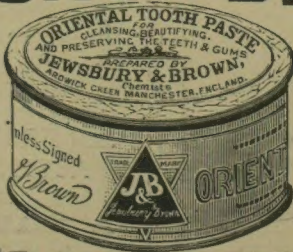
S. FOX & CO LIMITED

St. Raphael Tannin Wine.

FORMULA OF DRs. PASTEUR and BOUGHARDAT.
The best known Tonic for Women, Children,
Convalescents (Consumption and Indigestion).
No Bottle genuine without a label round the neck bearing name and address of E. GALLAIS and CO., 90, PROCAUDILLY, LONDON, Sole Consignees for the United Kingdom.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

WHITE SOUND TEETH.
FRAGRANT BREATH.
HEALTHY GUMS.



Used in All Countries for
OVER 70 YEARS.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. The only Genuine is signed "JEWSBURY & BROWN."

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE